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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1847.

REVIEWS

Schiller's Correspondence with Körner—[*Schiller's Briefwechsel mit Körner*]. Part I. 1784—1788. Berlin, Veit & Co.; London, Williams & Norgate.

The published biographies of Schiller, the latest not excepted, have left much wanting to complete a satisfactory account of the events of his life, or a speaking picture of many important features of his private history and very peculiar character. The 'Correspondence with Goethe' contains matter of the highest literary interest,—and exhibits in an engaging light a phenomenon the rarest perhaps ever witnessed in the republic of letters. We there saw how two men—both at the summit of poetical fame, but distant from each other as far as the opposite poles in their views of life and ways of thinking on every important point of taste or philosophy, and at first strongly repelled asunder by these and other considerable differences—could, nevertheless, find, in the noble sincerity of purpose with which each pursued the Good and the Beautiful, a common point of union, around which was gradually developed a connexion fruitful to both,—kindly, cordial, and enlightening; a friendship of the truest warmth, founded on mutual appreciation and respect of each other's powers, which lasted with continued increase until the bond was dissolved by death. The subjects with which that valuable correspondence is chiefly occupied belong to art, poetry, or other literary topics; and the personal indications on either side are occasional and slight. The period, moreover, embraces only the last decade of Schiller's life—from 1794 to 1805; so that much had yet to be learned of its more agitated opening scenes from confidential letters of an earlier date.

The collection of which the first part now appears may fill up an important blank in more than one respect. Christian Gottfried Körner—the father of the poet Theodor Körner, who died in arms for his country—had sought the friendship of Schiller, in 1784, while the latter was still at Mannheim, and in his twenty-fifth year only. He had not then completed 'Don Carlos.' The world he had barely enjoyed a glimpse of, after escaping from the military bondage of Stuttgart;—his prospects were floating in the vaguest uncertainty—his mind and character were still unformed—his station as a writer was by no means generally recognized; for 'Fiesco' and 'Cabal and Love' could not find many admirers amidst the numerous party whom 'The Robbers' had thrown into hysterics of disapprobation. The intercourse with Körner, begun thus early, soon became an intimate friendship. The prospect of enjoying his society and that of Huber—a common friend to both—is now known to have been Schiller's motive for repairing to Leipzig, and afterwards establishing himself at Dresden, after quitting Mannheim in 1785. From this period of his life to its close, he always regarded Körner in the light of a brother; and the large measure of the poet's confidence which the latter enjoyed seems to have been well deserved. Körner himself was no ordinary man. Of great industry, quick intelligence, and genial disposition, he had made rapid incursions into many other regions of study and pursuit before he settled down to the practice of law,—in which the remainder of a long life was spent in honour and prosperity; but he continued to occupy himself at intervals with philosophy and literature—and in these his critical performances were highly esteemed. To

such a man Schiller could well impart his most intimate thoughts. He seems to have felt at all times the necessity of some confidential intercourse like this; and the letters now before us show how completely he unbosomed himself to his Dresden friend. The result is an exhibition of the great tragic poet in a *déshabillé* far less imposing than the graceful earnest decorum which prevails in the correspondence with Goethe. We see him also, it is true, at an earlier and stormier period; but we also see him more unreservedly than he could ever have shown himself to the august eyes of the great man of Weimar.

From this circumstance alone the present collection will be welcome to those who desire a nearer personal acquaintance with Schiller. The correspondence must be voluminous, as it was kept up with incessant activity for a period of nearly twenty years. We hear, indeed, that the series will probably be lengthened out to four or five volumes more. The part now published extends from the beginning of the acquaintance, in 1784, to 1788. Before the close of this period, Schiller had left Dresden, and had already been hovering for some time in the atmosphere of Weimar. The appointment to the History Professorship at Jena, which fixed him permanently in that circle, appears towards the end of the volume. It embraces, therefore, a critical part of the poet's career; and will be found to display a rapid advance in his moral and mental growth, quite as striking as the cardinal change in his fortunes. Throughout the earlier portion, there prevails a general tone of restless, vehement eagerness,—the impatience of one conscious of undeveloped powers, and longing to employ them worthily; but far from having yet obtained the mastery over them, or a distinct view of any way in which the object of his ambition could be so pursued, with clear poetical activity, as to satisfy the conditions imposed by the hard necessities of daily life. The letters now published show, in a very interesting manner, how this question was, for the time, brought to a positive decision—which, however, a later period reversed: and throw much light on the several causes that led Schiller to abandon dramatic poetry and betake himself to historical composition; of which the first—and some have thought the best—fruit was the 'Revolt of the Netherlands.' To give any view of the details of this transition by extracts from the letters themselves would be impossible within our limits. It must suffice to have indicated generally the nature of what may be collected from them; and to quote a few specimens, the interest of which may be partly independent of their connexion. Of such, the earlier letters afford not many instances. They are chiefly remarkable for a kind of turbid enthusiasm; from the ferment of which the mind of the writer may be seen gradually working itself into greater clearness as his purposes became more definite and the ardour that was consuming him found a vent in productive exertions. One extract from this part of the series will, however, deserve a place here,—the letter of congratulation, accompanied by the present of a vase, to Körner and his Minna on their marriage-day (August 7, 1785). The manner is not unworthy of young poet. The apologue at the end—old though its fashion may be to our eyes—gracefully conveys his natural desire that the friend may not be forgotten in the raptures of the bridegroom.—

My best beloved!—On the morning of the day which makes you both happy beyond measure, I pray with unusual joy to the Almighty! I can wish for you nothing further. Now, indeed, you possess

all. To increase your happiness, Heaven must render it undying. Your happiness resides in your own hearts, and so can never cease. But when you find nothing further to desire; when the rapturous feeling of possessing each other fills all your souls, let at least a side glance be bestowed on Friendship. Forget not that it prays for you, for you weeps tears of joy, and cannot bear to part with the pleasing dream of assisting to make your days beautiful. Do not discharge it from such services,—they are its happiness, and what would be left to it, had you nothing more in any way to desire? The longing which refuses to part from the beloved that was once so dear to our hearts, was the inventor of *Urns*. They are memorials of eternal duration,—let one of them be to-day the symbol of your love and our union!

This day five thousand years ago, Zeus feasted the Immortals on Olympus. On the gods taking their seats, there arose a contest for precedence amongst the three daughters of Jupiter. *Virtue* claimed to go before *Love*; *Love* would not yield to *Virtue*; and *Friendship* insisted on preceding both. All Heaven was thrown into commotion; and the contending goddesses presented themselves before Saturnus's throne. "There is but one nobility recognized in Olympus," exclaims the son of Chronos, "and one law only, by which the gods give sentence. She is the first who makes the happiest men."—"I have won!" *Love* cried out in triumph; "even my sister *Virtue* can promise her favourite no higher reward than me: and what bliss I can impart, let Jupiter and all the divinities round him testify."—"And how long do these raptures last?" interposed *Virtue*, gravely, "He whom my impenetrable *egis* protects can despise even the terrible Fates, to which the very Immortals themselves do homage. If thou canst boast of the example of the gods, so, too, may I:—the son of Saturn himself must become a mortal whenever he ceases to be virtuous." *Friendship* stood aloof, and said nothing. "And thou, my daughter," cried Jupiter, "not a word? What great things are thy favourites promised?"—"None of all these," the Goddess answered; and turned aside, that no one might see the tear that she wiped from her blushing cheek. "While they are happy, they leave me alone; but they seek me when they suffer."—"Be reconciled to each other," the Father of gods now said; "yours is the fairest strife that Zeus has yet ever had to compose; but none of you is worsted in it. My masculine daughter *Virtue* shall teach steadfastness to her sister *Love*; and *Love* shall make happy no favourite that has not been led to her by *Virtue*. But let *Friendship* step between you both, and answer to me for the eternity of the union.

Of Schiller's journey to Weimar in Midsummer of 1787 one main cause we take to have been a certain clever, sentimental Frau von Kalb, who for some time, under the name of *Charlotte*, occupies a prominent place in the letters from that city. In these, one may see, by the changeable and hasty opinions reported from time to time of the members of the new society into which he was thrown, the state of anarchy in which his whole system was then labouring. He first likes and applauds; then finds, or fancies, himself slighted, and somewhat roughly complains: in a short time we see him again on sociable terms, and with more charitable accounts of his neighbours; until by degrees, as he grew more settled in other respects, he seems to have fallen into easy relations with nearly all the members of the remarkable circle of men then gathered in and around Weimar and Jena. Goethe, however, was absent in Italy when Schiller arrived; nor did he return until the following year,—a circumstance highly favourable, we apprehend, to the friendship that afterwards—though not until some years later—grew up between them.—The first visit was to the veteran *Wieland*;—to whose presence he found his way through,—

A perfect crowd of charming little creatures of children, little, less, and least. • • Our conversation was discursive; wandering over many things, in which he not only showed much talent himself, but also gave me

some opportunities for displaying mine. Certain subjects—religious, for example—he expressly reserved for future occasions:—on this chapter he appears to deem himself strong; and I apprehend that we may grow warm over it. * * His exterior took me by surprise. In a countenance like this I should never have thought of seeking for the man he really is: but it gains much by the momentary expression of his emotions when he speaks with animation. He soon became alert, vivacious, warm. I felt that he had pleasure in my company, and knew that I had not ill-satisfied him, even before I heard the same from others. He likes well to hear himself talk: his discourse is expansive, and often explicit to a pedantic degree, like his writings; his delivery not fluent, but his expressions precise. He uttered, however, a good deal of commonplace; and had not the observation of the man himself occupied me, I could often enough have felt weary. * * I was told afterwards that it was by no means usual with him to fall so promptly into this confidential tone with others; and a sympathy, good-will, and regard not to be mistaken, were manifest in him. He will attach himself still more closely to me; he dwelt with warmth on my age, and on the idea how wide a stage is yet open to me. We shall act on each other reciprocally, he said; and that, although too old, indeed, for an entire conversion, he still was not incorrigible.

After so promising a commencement, one would have hoped to find something less than an entire breach between the two authors a few months later:—and then, could hardly expect to see this rupture afterwards healed by circumstances that led to a close literary connexion. The cause of this, and other similar cases that appear in this volume, is pretty evident. Schiller came to Weimar expecting too much,—yet doubtful of his own position, and too little accustomed to regard the views of others or the conventions of society. He only began to find himself on easier terms in the polished—and, it may be, rather worldly—circles of Weimar after he had first learned that he who would live with others must renounce the idea of moulding them altogether to his own fancy, or making all the world adore the objects of his own worship.

Here is a sketch of the first view of another remarkable man.—

I have just come from Herder. If you have seen his portrait by Graff, it will give you a very good representation of him: excepting that there is too much of easy friendliness in the look of the picture; his real countenance is more serious. He has greatly pleased me. His conversation is full of intellectual spirit, strength, and fire—but his emotions take the form of either hate or love. He loves Goethe passionately,—with a kind of adoration. * * We spoke also, of political and philosophic matters; of Schubert* and the Duke of Wurtemburg, and of my affair with him. He hates him with the hate tyrants deserve. I must be amazingly strange to him; for he asked me if I were married. Altogether, he conversed with me as if with a man of whom he knew nothing more than that he has a certain reputation. I believe he has not himself read anything of mine. Herder is wonderfully courteous:—one feels quite at ease in his company. I believe I have pleased him; for he several times expressed the wish that I would often repeat my visits. He lives in a way extremely retired—as does his wife, whom I have not yet seen. To the Club he never goes, because the sole entertainment there is eating, cards, or smoking: this does not suit his taste. He appears to be no great friend of Wieland's.

The agreeable impression of this visit, we are glad to find, was not amongst those which were afterwards disturbed by change of mood on one or the other side. A few days after the interview with Herder, the poet was conducted by Wieland to Tiefurth, to be presented to the Dowager Duchess Amelia. The portrait of this celebrated literary princess is not at all flattering. He was most

courteously entertained; and was informed at the close of the visit, by his introducer, "that he had made a conquest" of the princess. After this, he adds, drily enough:—

She has herself made no conquest of me. Her physiognomy has something in it that I cannot like. Her intellect is born to an extreme degree; nothing interests her but what can be connected with the senses. This gives her the taste which she has, or would take the credit of having, for music, painting, and the like. She is herself a composer: Goethe's 'Erwin and Elmire' has been set to music by her. She speaks little; but she is, at all events, so good as not to desire any stiffness of ceremonial—an exemption of which, by-the-by, I took full advantage. I do not know how I came by the confidence in my own nature, and the assured composure which I maintained on this occasion. Charlotte [this is the tenderly esteemed friend already mentioned, whose social position at Weimar enabled her to introduce Schiller to the best company there] also assures me that I may venture, with such manners as I have, into any society here. So far, wherever I have shown myself, I have lost no ground. Charlotte's opinion of me has given me confidence; and the nearer acquaintance with these giants of Weimar has—I may confess to you—improved the notion I had of myself.

In the next visit to Tiefurth, however, our poet seems rather unfortunately to have justified the apprehension which, as one may see by the preceding extract, his friends had entertained on the chapter of manners. We have no doubt that Schiller's demeanour had still a strong dash of the *disinvoltura* of the South-German student. Relating what passed at the Duchess's—"Charlotte," he says, "will have it that I comported myself too freely this evening: she even drew me aside to give me a hint on the subject. She said that, on the Duchess's addressing some questions to me, instead of replying to them directly I had addressed my answers to herself and passed the Duchess over altogether. It may have so happened to me, for I never brought myself that it was my business to pay any particular attention. Perhaps by this behaviour I may have offended the Duchess." The conjecture thus naïvely expressed is more than probable:—and from this time until the departure of the Duchess for Italy we do not hear of many other visits to Tiefurth.

We must find room for Herder's appearance as a preacher. The description agrees with what may be collected from other information respecting that eminent and, in many respects, admirable man:—whom, nevertheless, we cannot imagine to have been in any sense of the word either orthodox or devout as an ecclesiastic. His pulpit discourses, one would quite expect to find, were rather lectures than sermons: and rather ethnic than Lutheran.—

Last Sunday, for the first time, I heard Herder preach. His text was "the unjust steward," which he explained with a great deal of acuteness and good sense. You know the *equivoco* in that passage of the Gospel. The whole sermon resembled an ordinary discourse, wholly carried on by a single person—excessively plain, natural, suited to common apprehensions. It was less an oration than a rational, conversational speech. A maxim of practical philosophy, applied to certain details of civil life,—doctrines one might expect to hear in mosque as well as in a Christian church. The delivery is as simple as the matter; no language of gestures, no play of the voice,—a serious and unimpassioned utterance. There is, however, no mistaking the consciousness he feels of the dignity of his position. The presumption of this universal respect at once gives him composure, and relieves him from the necessity of making laborious efforts; this is quite visible. He feels himself a superior intellect surrounded by mere creatures of a lower class. Herder's sermon has pleased me better than any other I have happened to hear in my whole life. But I must honestly confess that, on the whole, no sermon gives me pleasure.

The reason whereof, we have not space to insert:—as the object on this occasion is to deal

rather with persons than with philosophies. Of the former, at Weimar of all places, one naturally looks with impatience for some glimpse of its chief notability, Goethe. Long before his return, we find Schiller recording various instances of the impressions made by this man's presence upon all who had come near to him.

Goethe, says Schiller, is spoken of by very many besides Herder, with a kind of adoration; and the man is even more loved and admired than the author. Herder ascribes to him a *clear*, universal understanding; the truest and most profound feeling; the greatest purity of heart! All that he is, is *thoroughly*, and, like Julius Caesar, he can be many characters at once. According to Herder's assertion, he is free from any disposition to intrigue; he has never yet intentionally persecuted any one or undermined another's good fortune. In all things he loves light and clearness, even in the smallest details of his political affairs; and with equal fervour does he hate mysticism, exaggeration and disorderliness. Herder will have it that he is not less, but even more, admirable as a man of business, than as a poet. In his opinion, Goethe's is a mind of universal comprehensiveness.

This testimony from no indulgent or incompetent judge of men may well have left a deep impression on the younger poet's mind. In a visit to Knebel—himself one of the more eminent amidst Weimar characters—new evidences of the effect of this commanding superiority were offered, although in a form of all others the most apt to excite the antagonism of Schiller's mind.—

Major von Knebel (then living in Goethe's garden) is his intimate friend. Goethe's spirit has moulded to its own shape all the men who belong to his circle. A proud philosophical contempt of all speculation and theoretical investigations, with an attachment to nature, and an humble submission to the five bodily senses—carried to the point of affectation—in short, a certain childish simplicities of the reasoning faculties, characterizes him, and all here who are of this sect. So they will rather go about picking up herbs, or hammering at mineralogy, than involve themselves in vague demonstrations. The idea may in itself be quite sound and good,—but it may also be carried out to extravagant length. This Knebel is highly thought of here, and he is unquestionably a man of intelligence and decided character,—possesses much acquired knowledge, and has a clear, level understanding.

From this and other impressions and reports, mere shadows of a distant greatness, we shall, before closing these extracts, at once take a spring forward of some fourteen months, to witness the actual rising on the horizon of Weimar of the luminary himself. In September 1788, Schiller writes:—

At length I can give you an account of Goethe, for which I know you are waiting with much impatience. Nearly the whole of last Sunday I spent in his company; he visited us in the company of Herder, Frau von Stein, &c. & c. His appearance at the first glance toned down not a few notes lower the idea which had been conveyed to me by others of his attractive and beautiful countenance. He is of the middle height, both carries himself and walks stiffly; his aspect is not open, but his eye is very expressive; and lively, and one dwells on its glance with a feeling of pleasure. With all its decided seriousness, his man has still a remarkable air of benevolence and kindness. He is dark-complexioned, and to me appeared looking older than he can really be, according to my computation of his age. His voice is particularly agreeable; his manner of relating fluent, spiritual and animated; you listen to him with more than even great pleasure; and when he is in good humour—which on this occasion he was to a very fair degree—he likes to talk, and speaks with interest. • •

After describing some topics of the conversation, which ran upon Italy, Schiller thus concludes:—

I should like to tell you more of what he related, but it must be when some occasion brings it to mind. On the whole, my previous notion of him—great as it certainly was—has not been diminished by this per-

This was the unlucky and eccentric genius whom the kept for many years in prison. The fear of a like fate was one cause of Schiller's flight from Stuttgart.

onal acquaintance over approached now highly appointed I years, as in ad together in too, from its nine—his objects reappearing, ever, time we And that, different fr the two di We shou Körner's s amply justi plied by t her, as well where the and the c seems bes will be kn of bringing woul be requisi of subsec looked for oportunities.

A Treatise land. Reeve. THE Eng and in the been as we we never are the one any not eat we are other of no reason turle, or two o our island is worse stools).

—where fungi are articles use of some art the skill of edifices m "In and wh all such led with where n worth 4 This in cannot own co a less r fungous die was a million. To d an acco the Britains book b in this by Dr. concer ventur

small acquaintance; but I doubt whether we shall ever approach each other very nearly. Much that is now highly interesting to me—much that I have yet to learn and hope for—has already lived through its appointed period with him; he is (not so much in years, as in experience of life and self-development) so far in advance of me, that we shall never come together in our further progress; and his whole being, from its very beginning, is of a different cast from mine—his world is not mine: the modes in which objects respectively present themselves to our several minds appear to be essentially at variance. ** However, time will show what follows.

And that, we now know, was something very different from the first impressions of either of the two distinguished men.

We should have liked to give a specimen of Kerner's share of this 'Correspondence,'—which amply justifies the presumption in his favour implied by the regard and long friendship of Schiller, as well as of other worthies of his time. But where the limits are narrow, the subjects many, and the choice, in consequence, is difficult, it seems best to confine it to those names which will be known to most English readers, instead of bringing forward new personages whom it would be impossible to introduce with the detail requisite to win attention. On the appearance of subsequent volumes—which now will be looked for with interest—there may be a better opportunity afforded for filling up this and other omissions, inevitable on the present occasion.

A Treatise on the Esculent Funguses of England. By Charles David Badham, M.D. Reeve.

The English are not a fungus-eating nation:—and in the "good old times" this might have been as much a boast as the common one that we never eat frogs. The question is, whether we are the better or the wiser for not eating the one any more than the other. Though we do not eat frogs like our neighbours the French, we are rather celebrated for our love of another of the reptilian family—turtle. There is no reason why we should eschew frog and relish turtle. There is still less for our eating one or two of the numberless edible funguses which our island produces and condemning all the rest as worse than useless under the name of "toadstools." It is not so on the continent of Europe:—where very generally the various species of fungi are esteemed agreeable and important articles of diet. The great drawback on the use of these escutents in this country is, that some are poisonous—and few persons possess the skill to distinguish them, with the exception of one or two species, from those which are edible. In the markets at Rome there is an "Inspector of Funguses," versed in botany, and whose duty it is to examine and report on all such plants exposed for sale. The safety with which these vegetables may be eaten has led to a very large consumption in that city; where not less than 140,000 pounds weight—worth 4,000/- sterling—are annually consumed. This in a population of 156,000 souls. We cannot estimate the value of funguses in our own country for an article of diet as less than in Italy;—nor believe that the supply would be in a less ratio. If this be correct, the value of the funguses which are allowed to spring up and die wasted in Great Britain would be about half a million sterling in each year.

To draw attention to this fact, and to supply an accurate account, with a correct delineation, of the esculent species of this family in Great Britain, are the objects of Dr. Badham in the book before us. Such a work was a desideratum in this country:—and it has been well supplied by Dr. Badham, as far as the principal object is concerned. Many persons who would gladly venture on such untried food are deterred by the

want of a guide. Our books on local botany, it is true, mention such fungi as may be eaten with impunity; but they are either too technical or too expensive to be generally used. With Dr. Badham's beautiful drawings of the various edible fungi in his hand, the collector can scarcely make a mistake. In addition to a description and drawing of upwards of forty species of fungi, the author gives a general outline of the history,—of the uses, structure, functions, medical properties, and other particulars of the whole family. The work does not profess to enter into botanical details or supply the student of botany with any new information; but every physiologist will be interested in these beautiful illustrations of his favourite family.

As one instance of the strange prejudices by which the fungus as an article of food has been attended, even in countries where large quantities are consumed, we may mention that the common mushroom (*Agaricus campestris*) of our own tables is "almost the only one condemned to be thrown into the Tiber by the Inspector of the Fungus Market" in the city of Rome. "Indeed, in such dread is this held in the Papal States, that no one knowingly would touch it; it is reckoned one of the fiercest imprecations," writes Professor Sanguineti, "amongst our lower orders, infamous for the horrible nature of their oaths, to pray that any one may die of a *Pratiola*." Thus, where what we call "toadstools" are allowed to pass muster, our single favourite is rejected. —We must not, however, lead our readers to suppose that there are no poisonous funguses. The majority of those which grow in our meadows and on the decaying wood of our orchards and forests are unfit for food:—and the value of Dr. Badham's book consists in the fact that it enables us to distinguish from these such as may be eaten with impunity.

Travels in New South Wales. By A. Marjoribanks, Esq. Smith, Elder & Co.

Canada as it is. By the Rev. J. W. Warre Painter.

Penal Settlements and their Evils; Penitentiaries and their Advantages. By J. B. Atkinson. Gilpin.

Ireland saved without Cost to the Imperial Treasury. By R. Torrens, Esq. Ridgway. *The Clergyman in the Gaol.* By the Rev. G. Heaton. Stoneman.

THE works which we have enumerated at the head of this article form but a small part of the multitudinous brochures issuing from the press designed to elucidate two questions of pressing importance:—How far voluntary emigration may be employed for the relief of distress?—and how far involuntary transportation can be rendered available for the prevention of crime and the reformation of criminals? These questions have many points in common: and may, therefore, to a certain extent, be usefully discussed together. It would be idle to examine either, if England did not possess lands suited to colonization; and the first thing to be established is that the Crown possesses in its foreign dependencies regions of unoccupied and fertile land capable of supporting all who may go, or be sent, to them for the next century.

The dependencies ready to receive population are Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and Eastern Africa. On each of these we shall say a few words. In South Australia, a self-supporting system of colonization has been tried with perfect success. The sales of land in ten years have realized more than half a million of money;—a sum which has not only defrayed the expenses of migration, but left a surplus to be applied to local improvements. Western Australia, according to recent accounts, possesses districts more fertile than the country

around Adelaide, and very great facilities for the growing trade with the Indian archipelago. Already there is an active commerce between Java and the colony on the Swan River; while arrangements are nearly complete for a steam communication between Singapore, Batavia and Sydney. With an active commerce increasing and extending along the western, northern and eastern seaboard of Australia, it may be deemed tolerably certain that at no distant time settlements will be made at every favourable spot on this extensive coast,—either rudely by volunteers or systematically by the government.

New Zealand offers other temptations to colonists. It does not appear to be subject to those terrible droughts which are the scourge of Australia; its soil is fertile; its harbours afford valuable facilities for trade; and its rivers even in their natural state afford large means of internal communication. The great drawback is the character of the aborigines. These cannot preserve their old habits of life when brought into contact with white men. They necessarily suffer in the interval between the abandonment of one mode of earning subsistence and the learning of another;—and are, therefore, instigated to expel those who force them to such a change. So long as their native language exists, with all its associations of barbarism, this resistance to the civilization of the whites will endure. Rome subdued Europe by the sword—but she cemented her empire by her language and her literature. England has a language and literature still more potent;—but they have as yet been strangely neglected as engines of civilization.

The western forests of Upper Canada contain districts of the highest fertility: and towards them a strong tide of emigration has been recently directed from Ireland. There is every reason to believe that a continuous line of settlements will ere long be formed from the Upper Lakes to the Pacific:—an ocean to which America, Russia, and England seem to be equally and irresistibly propelled.

Eastern Africa presents a most extensive area for colonization in the country of Natal. The soil is fertile; and the missionaries report that there are mineral veins of iron, tin, and copper, which may be worked with large profit.

There is, thus, no difficulty in finding lands on which emigrants may conveniently be located:—let us, then, turn to the question whether there are persons in the empire who would benefit both themselves and the community by becoming emigrants? Nearly every writer on the subject avers that it is necessary to drain off a large portion of the population of Ireland; and their views are corroborated by the fact of the great increase of natural and voluntary emigration from that country. It is beside the issue to raise the question of surplus population. We may at once concede that there are conceivable circumstances under which Ireland might support double, or even triple, the number of her present inhabitants; but these circumstances do not exist. They cannot at once be created by any conceivable legislation. To believe that social evils can be cured by the magic of Acts of Parliament is the great evil of Ireland in 1847—as it was of Scotland in 1747; and until this deplorable fallacy is abandoned we shall have no chance of remedy. Under the existing system in Ireland there is a surplus of population; and this surplus is not merely a consequence but a cause—for it renders exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, the amelioration of the pernicious system by which it was produced.

The application of unorganized and unskilled labour to land, rendered possible by the culture of the potato, was, no doubt, sanctioned and

encouraged by the short-sighted greediness of landlords, and by that insane pride which every ascendancy feels in the degradation of an inferior caste: but this disorganization and unskillfulness have been perpetuated by the combinations of occupiers. The Irish peasants clinging to their "bits" of land with the desperation of men who must either keep them or starve. To them ejection is sentence of death; and therefore they murder those who take part in an attempt to remove them from their holdings. The peasant occupants of land in Munster and Connaught could not effect the agricultural improvements which Ireland requires if they would;—and, interested as they are in maintaining the present system for the means of present existence, we doubt whether they would improve even if they could. For these reasons, we are convinced that large and copious emigration is necessary for Ireland, in order that room should be afforded for the development of a better system than that which now unfortunately prevails.

Greater difficulty besets the next inquiry:—what is the best and most efficient system of colonization which can be adopted? The English colonies which now constitute the United States of America were for the most part formed by voluntary migration. Younger brothers of noble families, disinclined to trade at home, hastened to render themselves proprietors of estates in the colonies:—dissenting congregations, teased by persecution in England, sought religious freedom in the forests of America. There were in both classes excited energies and a spirit of personal adventure which enabled them not merely to surmount the difficulties, but even to court them.—

And if a path were dangerous shown,
The danger's self was lure alone.

Colonization previous to the Revolution was chivalrous;—since that period it has become commercial. The American war of independence alienated the English Government from the old system of colonization. The charters of the New England States gave large constitutional privileges to the colonists; but during the reigns of George III. and IV. the tendency was to bestow on settlers as little of independence and self-government as possible.

We believe it possible to revive the colonization of private adventure. A readiness to give charters of privilege and a large share of self-government and independence would attract those ardent spirits whose names crowd the lists of the War Office with more applications for commissions than would suffice to officer all the armies of Europe. Instead of proposing to restore the Breton laws and the old days of chivalry, the would-be legislators of Young Ireland might attempt to carry out their speculations in the land of emus and kangaroos. Room and range enough would be afforded to the speculators on the means of securing the ideal perfection of humanity to try their several experiments. No boy ever read 'Robinson Crusoe' who was not more anxious to become king of an island than ever Sancho Panza was to assume the government of Barataria. On this spirit of adventure harsh checks have been imposed by the regulations of the Colonial Office for the greater part of a century; but the spirit is not yet extinct—and it would develop itself largely and beneficially if officials whose narrow views are confined to precedents and red tape would only give it free scope and fair play.

We know of but one recent attempt at congregational colonization. It was made by a body of Methodists from Cork:—but their ship was lost and nearly all on board perished just as they came in sight of their destined port in New Zealand. Had they reached the shore,

there were materials among them for founding as energetic a race as that of Massachusetts.

It seems to us that the modern advocates of colonization set forth too much of minute and systematic detail in their plans. They propose to bestow as much of educational superintendence on an infant colony as on an infant child. Now, if we look back on the early history of the American colonies we shall find that those which flourished most were precisely those on which the government at home bestowed the least of its attention. In more recent experience, it would be easy to show that the more we have had of colonial meddling the more we have had of colonial mischief. We shall not, therefore, discuss any of the plans in the works before us. What we desire is the revocation of nine-tenths of our existing regulations—and that new rules should be devised only as they are required by the exigency of circumstances.

Transportation has recently become the theme of controversy. Had more attention been paid to its history, men would have discovered that though convicts have been good pioneers of colonization they are the worst materials from which a colony can be formed. Convicts can clear the wilderness; but when that task is completed their mission is fulfilled. It is impossible to turn a province into a penitentiary. Compulsory labour cannot endure competition and contact with voluntary labour. New South Wales has passed the limit which rendered it a place of safe custody for criminals. A locality is to be sought where tasks are required from which voluntary emigrants shrink. Clearing of forests and removal of jungle on a large scale—to prepare the way for the future agriculturist, and so raise the value of the ground as to make the land-sales bear a large share of the cost—appear, from the histories of Australia and of America, to be the only safe applications of convict labour. Criminals may be reformed if scattered over a wide surface of unclaimed land:—but crowded together in gangs they mutually corrupt and deteriorate each other.

Of the works before us, that of Mr. Marjoribanks gives the most abundant, and that of Mr. Warr the most special, information. Mr. Atkinson feels his subject deeply—but has not studied it thoroughly. Mr. Torrens proposes to conduct a large and comprehensive system of colonization by a loan on the security of future land sales:—and the Rev. Mr. Heaton makes some valuable remarks on the subject of secondary punishments. We have placed the works together because the matters which they discuss are closely connected—and must at no distant date engage collectively the earnest attention of parliament and of the country.

Mathematical Physics: or, the Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy, &c. By John Herapath, Esq. Whittaker & Co. In these two volumes we have a review of the present state of our knowledge in physical science. The facts elicited by experiment are, with a few exceptions, very satisfactorily described; and the entire work gives strong evidence of industry in the collection of truths, close searching thought in the endeavour to generalize from them, and considerable mathematical skill in investigation.

It has, however, one great fault. In the attempt to establish "a development of the causes of heat, gaseous elasticity, gravitation, and other great phenomena of nature," the author assumes for an established truth what amounts scarcely to a plausible hypothesis; and unless we admit his premises, the laborious formulas and the ingenious equations so thickly spread over its pages are valueless. This is the fault of most mathematicians. Even in the high-

class works of those profound philosophers who have laboured so hardy, and so successfully, to uphold the undulatory theory of light this great error prevails:—and it is our conviction, that if the same amount of talent and industry had been bestowed on the Newtonian theory it would have maintained its ground. It does not appear easy to unite in the same mind a patient habit of observation with mathematical power of investigation. Few experimental philosophers are sound mathematicians; and still smaller is the number of high mathematicians who are capable of making an experiment and of observing its results. Sir Isaac Newton is the only British philosopher who has combined the two qualifications in any eminent degree.

It is not convenient for us to discuss the point in the columns of the *Athenæum*. We can only report the hypothesis of Mr. Herapath; which we will do in his own words—and, stating what appears to us to be a fair objection to his views, refer all who are at all interested in the question to the volumes themselves. A few lines from the introduction give very clearly Mr. Herapath's hypothesis, and furnish the text to his very laborious treatise:—

"The great variety and extent of phenomena embraced by attraction are well known, though the law of it is far from complex. *A force acting on the particles of matter separately, with an intensity inversely as the square of the distance, accomplishes all.* Matter of every kind obeys this simple law; yet to what a countless progeny of facts is it the parent!"

That every physical phenomenon is an exhibition of force cannot be denied. We see it constantly as an effect of which the phenomena of heat, electricity, chemical action, or the like are the cause:—but, we have no experimental evidence, direct or indirect, which shows that force as a cause produces effects of heat, electricity, or chemical action. That mechanical force may develop these powers is true; but even admitting more than this—that motion and heat are convertible into each other—we must ascend to some cause or causes beyond, to which this manifestation of force is due.

At all events, we cannot safely admit the mathematical proof—founded as it is on a metaphysical assumption—until we shall have some experimental evidence which will directly prove the fact.

As a book of thought we are pleased to record this publication: and even regarding the position which it maintains as questionable, we sincerely desire to see other labourers in the field who, avoiding the too common superficialities of the day, will dare to seek deeper than is ordinarily done for an explanation of the great phenomena of nature.

Canterbury Tales, from Chaucer. By John Saunders. 2 vols. Cox.—*Cabinet Pictures of English Life. Chaucer.* By John Saunders. Knight & Co.—*The Cabinet Portrait Gallery of British Worthies. Chaucer.* By John Saunders. Cox.

In these various volumes Mr. Saunders has hoped that he was doing good and honourable service to the cause of our early literature and towards the popularization of the "morning star of our poetry." He is of those who think it the best policy, in this respect, to admit that Chaucer is a difficult author; and that some method of transcription or translation is absolutely necessary for the introduction of the mass of general readers to the treasures of his verse. With a view to popularize them, several methods have at various times been taken. By some, his poetry has been re-written or modernized,—as by Pope and Dryden—and subsequently by others. That these writers failed in improving or even reaching the simple power and beauty of the original

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gives that they were incompetent either to appreciate or to overcome the difficulties of their self-imposed task. Others have translated the poems into prose—but in the process, as Mr. Saunders remarks, all the subtler elements of the poetical are eliminated. Another plan is to give the original diction (with a glossary)—the spelling being modernized except where the rhythm prevents it, and changes of pronunciation or accent being marked. Mr. Saunders is of opinion that this system will eventually be adopted for all popular editions of the poet; but that in the mean time a form is required that shall combine the grace of modern composition with the vital spirit of the ancient poetry—that shall be perfectly and pleasantly readable by those least versed in the phraseology of the fourteenth century and at the same time essentially Chaucer.

The readers of the *Athenæum* well know our own opinion of all such attempts—and of the fancied difficulties which they propose to overcome. They who may desire to refresh their recollection of our argument on the question will find it fully stated in the notice of an attempt which was made to "modernize" Chaucer by a body of writers some years ago [see *Athen.* No. 693]. We shall content ourselves, therefore, with stating here that in the work first on our list Mr. Saunders has undertaken the, in our opinion, very needless—and certainly unprofitable—task of preparing a edition of the Canterbury Tales on a kindred plan. He appears to have adopted the text of Tyrwhitt as the groundwork of his version—availing himself of such observations of Cowden Clarke and other editors of Chaucer as he considered of value; giving the words of his author wherever they are peculiarly beautiful and intelligible, with brief annotations, and a prose version connecting them together and forming a complete whole. Mr. Saunders proposed to himself—

"To make the whole course of the story clear by resolving inconvenient or difficult passages of the poetry into prose; but, at the same time, to allow the reader to be constantly refreshing himself from the 'well of English undefiled,' by leaving all the remainder, including the finest portions of the poetry, in its own nervous and beautiful language. In the preparation of this prose we have constantly asked ourselves these two questions, and these only:—Does it faithfully reflect the thoughts, style, and words of the original? Does it harmonize with, and glide easily into it? It will be a source of deep satisfaction to us if others are better satisfied upon these points than we ourselves can pretend to be, and if, upon the whole, the publication may in any degree lessen the period that must elapse before Chaucer shall be, through all his works, his own sole interpreter."

Mr. Saunders stoutly—and somewhat unnecessarily—contends for the superiority of the poetry of Chaucer over the "improvements" by Dryden and Pope—the former in particular. We agree generally with Mr. Saunders that any attempt to improve a great work of Art must prove a failure,—and that Dryden has not escaped the ordinary penalty: and we only wonder that the argument and the examples did not lead Mr. Saunders to carry the warning one step further. In his notes notwithstanding, there are bits of sound criticism, with, occasionally, a little healthy exaggeration—which, however, springs from the writer's love for the subject. A portion of the world reads Dryden, and takes its notion of Chaucer from him; and Mr. Saunders thinks it, therefore, necessary to be severe upon his trespasses. He says—

"We hardly like to say it—but our readers can judge for themselves as to the truth of the statement—that if there be one passage more than ordinarily beautiful among the countless beautiful passages of Chaucer, then is Dryden sure to be more than ordi-

narily careful to show his want of appreciation of it by his destructive alterations. Thus it is with the exquisite lines by Chaucer—

The busy lark, the messenger of day,
Salutes with her singing the morrow gray,
And fiery Phœbus riseth up so bright,
That all the Orient laugheth of the sight,
And with his streams drieth in the greves
The silver droppes hanging on the leaves.

Can anything be conceived more freshly beautiful, in words as well as in thought, feeling, and poetry? Here at least the translator need not to alter a letter even for his own purposes. Yet we have from Dryden—

The morning lark, the messenger of day,
Saluted in her song the morning gray;
And soon the sun arose with beams so bright,
That all th' horizon laugh'd to see the joyous sight;
He with his tepid rays the rose renewes,
And licks the dropping leaves, and dries the dewes.

Here is addition, it must be owned. We have not only gained the 'morning lark,' but the 'morning gray,' &c., and what have we lost? Oh, merely the expression so delightful to old-fashioned poetical ears, the 'morrow gray' and the image of the 'busy lark,' now darting hither and thither, now with its wings beating upon the air, ascending into the blue depth above till she seems but a dark speck, and at last disappears, and you think she is quite gone; but no, the sunshine flashes upon her breast, and you are again following with renewed interest the movements of the 'busy lark.' One line of the description in question seems to have so puzzled Dryden, that he was obliged to parallel the feat of cutting the Gordian knot by lengthening the Homeric line. We read in Chaucer—

And all the Orient laugheth of the sight.

In order fully to appreciate this glorious line, at once so musically expressive and so steeped in poetic loveliness, and which belongs to a class that even in works of the highest character occur but comparatively seldom—one should repeat it aloud, and feel how it makes the spirit as well as the voice climb, until as we reach that most charming of words—Orient—we seem to look down over a whole happy universe; and to laugh from very sympathy with it, as we descend again with the concluding portion of the line. Now let us also read aloud the improved line, taking, however, like leapers, a good run at starting to make us sure of getting safely over:

That all th' horizon laugh'd to see the joyous sight.

Thus were 'translated' Chaucer's descriptions of external nature. Let us now go to higher matter—to the heart of man—and the tempestuous passions that sometimes toss it about—shoreless and anchorless, as when Arcite finds himself only released from his bodily captivity in Athens to feel more heavily the spiritual bondage in which love keeps him at Thebes—so far away from his mistress. The contrast should be hardly a fair one to the elder poet—as he was not a tragic dramatist like Dryden—and might therefore be supposed to have less studied the use of the tragic dramatist's mightiest weapon—pathos.

Chaucer's Description of the Despairing Lover.

So much sorrow had never creature
That is, or shall be, while the world may 'dure;
His sleep, his meat, his drink is him beraf,
That lean he wad'd, and dry as is a shaft;
His eye hollow, and grisly to behold;
His hue fallow, and pale as ashes cold.
And solitary he was, and ever alone,
And wailing all the night, making his moan;
And if he hearde song or instrument
Then wold he weep, he mighyte not be stent.
So feeble were his spirites and so low,
And changed so, that no man could knowe
His speche, ne his voice, though men it heard.

Does the reader remember in the whole range of poetry a more pathetic description than this? There should be one—Dryden's, who undertook to re-write it. Here is the result. Chaucer began humbly, as with kind of awe of the emotions he contemplated and was about to describe, and as one who saw good artistic reasons for so doing; but Dryden!—he is in the very thick of the turmoil at once.

Dryden's Description of the Despairing Lover.

He raved with all the madness of despair,
He roar'd, he beat his breast, he tore his hair;
here the poet takes a little breath, and thinks he has begun in a somewhat high key, so continues,
Dry sorrow in his stupid eyes appears,—
and now he really must drop into a more comfortable and chatty vein, so he adds,—

For wanting nourishment, he wanted tears.
His eye-balls in their hollow sockets sink;
Bereft of sleep, he loathes his meat and drink;
He withers at his heart, and looks as wan
As the pale spectre of a murdered man;
That pale turn yellow, and his face receives
The faded hue of sapless beaten leaves.
In military groves he makes his march,
Walks early out, and ever is alone;
Nor, mix'd in mirth, in youthful pleasureshares,
But sighs when swans and instruments he hears;
His spirits are so low, his voice is drown'd,
He hears as from afar, or in a sound,
Like the deaf murmur of a distant sound.

Now there is undoubtedly original power and beauty in the last three lines, though we think they are no improvement on the less ornate but more suggestive lines of Chaucer; but as to all the rest of the description, how could Dryden rest peacefully in his bed after writing it? How could he compare this line,

And wailing all the night, making his moan,
with this—

In solitary groves he makes his moan,
and yet go on to prepare hosts of similar examples for future volumes of Curiosities of Literature?"

We have not room for the whole of the parallel: but pass on to—

"It were an endless and a most unthankful task to point out how even in the details, or individual thoughts of this description, Dryden found himself unable to re-produce without injury what he had before him. One line alone is enough to decide the whole character of the relation of the two poets, looked at even as regards their business skill. Mark how in the following line every word seems like some new and additional feature made visible by so many lightning glimpses—

With knotty—gnarry—barren—trellis—old;

why, the most finished lines of Pope, in which sense and sound echo each other, are toys as compared with this. Yet Dryden has not a trace of it. He is content with—

Woods with knots and gnars deform'd and old.

Of the remainder of the respective poems, let two or three examples suffice:—Chaucer's

Smiler with the knife under the cloak,

becomes in Dryden—

Next stood hypocrisy with holy leer.

Soft smiling, and demurely looking down,

But hid the dagger underneath the gown.

Palamon's appeal to Venus, when he tells her he has no language to tell the torment he is in, and then adds with the most moving pathos and simplicity (Chaucer)—

I am so confuse, that I cannot say,
becomes in Dryden—

—I feel too much to pray.

Lastly, one of the most magnificent images that ever poet expressed in words—that where Arcite thus addresses Mars,—who (Chaucer)—

hast in every regne, and every land,
Of arms all the bridle in thine hand,

is thus translated by Dryden—

—everywhere the power is known;

The fortune of the fight is all thy own.

We have yet two more of these parallel passages to give; and a very amusing contrast they furnish. It was written by Chaucer—

Men may the old out-run, but not out-rede;

that is, not outstrip them in counsel and wisdom. But we find in Dryden—

For this advantage Age from youth has won,

As not to be out-ridden—though out-run.

So that old gentlemen, it appears, should take to horseback in order to rival their sons and grandsons, when they can no longer compete with them on foot.

The second of the works on our list contains a picture of English life and manners in the time of the chivalric Edward III., as evolved from Chaucer. The works of our poets—the most authentic sources of history—have been too long neglected by historical investigators. In this respect Chaucer is invaluable, as being pre-eminently the poet of his own time. Not the least interesting of the services which Mr. Saunders has rendered to the lovers of the old lore is his happy conjecture of the alterations made in the *Tabard*; which reconciles the description of the Inn in the Pilgrims' prologue

[SEPT. 11]

with the existing building in High Street, Southwark. It has been much disputed whether the Tabard—now corrupted into the Talbot—is the same house as that in which Chaucer's pilgrims met:—the chief objection being that the former does not answer the description given of the poem. In an elaborate paper in Knight's 'London' Mr. Saunders first showed how to account for the discrepancy: and he retains his conviction of the truth of the tradition which gives a locality for so interesting a scene. We quote a description of the Inn as it now exists.—

The state of the gateway presents but a too faithful type of the general state of the inn. Its patchings and alterations, its blackened doors and bursting ceiling, and its immense cross-beams, tell us, in language not to be mistaken, of antiquity and departed greatness. From the gateway the yard is open to the sky, and gradually widens. On either side is a range of brick buildings, extending for some little distance; opposite the end of that on the right, the left-hand range is continued by the most interesting part of the Tabard, a stone-coloured wooden gallery on the first floor, which, in its course making a right angle, presents its principal portion directly opposite the entrance from the High Street. It is supported by plain thick round pillars, also of wood; and it supports on other pillars of a slenderer make, in front, the bottom of the very high and sloping tiled roof. Offices, with dwellings above, occupy the left range as far as the gallery, beneath which are stables; whilst under the front portion of the gallery is a wagon-office, with its miscellaneous packages lying about; and suggesting thoughts of the time when as yet road-waggons, properly so called, were unknown, and the carriers, with their strings of pack-horses and jingling bells, filled the yard with their bustle and obstreperous notes of preparation for departure. Immediately over this office, in the centre of the gallery, is a picture, said to be by Blake, and 'well painted,' of the Canterbury Pilgrimage, though now so dirty or decayed that the subject itself is hardly discernible. The buildings on the right are principally occupied by the bar, tap-room, parlour, &c., of the present inn: to these, therefore, we shall for convenience give that appellation, although the gallery and stables also still belong to it. From the inn, then, originally stretched across to the gallery a bridge of communication, balustraded, we may be sure, like the gallery, and arched over like the similar bridge still existing in another part of the yard. The proofs of this connecting bridge are exhibited on the wall of the inn, in the blackened ends of the row of horizontal planks, set edge-wise, which once supported it, and in the door, now walled up, to which it led, that opened into a large room, extending quite through the depth of the inn-buildings. On turning the corner of the right-hand range, we find in the same line, but standing considerably back, the lofty stables; and scarcely can we enter the doors, before—as our eye measures their extraordinary size—we acknowledge the truth of Chaucer's description: we are almost satisfied this must have been the place he saw. They are, indeed, 'wide.' On the same side is another range of buildings, continued into another open yard behind; on the opposite side projects the end of the gallery; and here we find the other bridge we have mentioned connecting the two sides, and which is in a most ruinous-looking state. The great extent of the original inn may be conceived when we state that there is little doubt but that it occupied the whole yard, with all its numerous buildings; for, from one of the houses in the High Street, standing on the north side of the gateway, a communication is still traceable through all the intermediate tenements to the gallery; from thence, at its furthest extremity, across the bridge to the stables, and back again to the present inn; and, lastly, from thence right through to the High Street once more to the house on the south side of the gateway. Let us now walk into the interior. The master of the inn, of whom we may say, with a slight alteration of Chaucer's words—

A seemly man our hoste is withal.—

welcomes us at the door, and kindly and patiently inducts us into all its hidden mysteries. Passing with a hasty glance the bar in front—the parlour

behind with its blackened roof and its polished tables—the tap-room on the left—the low doorways, winding passages, broken ceilings, and projecting chimney-arches which everywhere meet the eye—we follow our conductor through a narrow door, and are startled to find ourselves upon what appears, from its very contrast to all around, a magnificently broad staircase, with a handsome fir balustrade in perfect condition, and with landings large enough to be converted into bed-rooms. On the first floor is a door on each side: that on the left communicating with one room after another, till you reach the one overlooking the bustle of the High Street; and that on the right leading to the large room formerly opening out upon the bridge. In this room, which is of considerable size, there are the marks of a cornice yet visible on the ceiling. On the second story, the contrast is almost ludicrous between the noble staircase and the narrow bed-rooms, pushed out from within by an immense bulk of masonry, which (enclosing a stack of chimneys) occupies the central space; and forced in from without by the boldly sloping roof; in fact, they were evidently not intended for each other. The changes induced by decay, accidents, and, above all, by a gradually contracting business, which has caused the larger rooms and wide passages to be divided and subdivided, as convenience prompted or necessity required, may account for these discrepancies. The buildings of the opposite range have evidently been to a certain extent of a corresponding nature. These manifold changes have produced a 'Tabard' very different from that of the memorable April night, when—

The *chambers* and the stables weren't wide;

and the whole body of pilgrims, numerous as they were, found entertainment of the 'best.' Stepping across the central part of the yard to the gallery, we ascend by a staircase, also 'shorn of its fair proportions.' As we mount the stairs, our eyes are attracted by a retired modest-looking latticed window, peeping out upon the landing; and in different parts of the gallery are passages leading to countless nests of rooms, forming (as perhaps many of them did of old) the dormitories of the inn. In the centre of the gallery, immediately behind the picture, is a door opening into a lofty passage, with a room on each side: that on the right is, as our host announced to us, '*The Pilgrims' room*' of tradition. With due reverence we looked upon its honoured walls, its square chimney-piece, and the pannel above reaching to the ceiling, upon which there was till recently some ancient needlework or tapestry, cut out from a larger work, representing, it is said, a procession to Canterbury, and which probably in the days of its splendour adorned the walls of this very room. The size, however, of the place, we confess, did not exactly accord with our ideas of the hall of the ancient Tabard. The depth from wall to window was satisfactory, so was the height; the latticed window itself was large and antique in its expression, notwithstanding the alterations it had certainly experienced; but the *length* of the room—so much less than its depth—appeared, to say the least of it, extraordinary. We went into the room on the other side of the passage, which, with a similar window, of similar depth and height, was still shorter; but that our host explained—he had cut off a third room beyond. We went to this, and there found an exactly corresponding fireplace and pannel, in the exactly corresponding corner to those of the first room. Could the whole three have formed one room? Our host was struck with the idea. There was certainly a great difficulty in the way; the intervening door, passage, and staircase, with a portion of the ancient balustrade, apparently still remaining. We could not, however, avoid again expressing our belief that such was the case. Scarcely had the words passed our lips when the host called out, with as much pleasure in his tones as we can imagine there must have been in his great progenitor's when he announced his famous scheme to the pilgrims, 'You are right; where the door now is, there has been a third window.' True enough, there were the undeniable evidences of a middle window, half of its outlines visible in the wall agreeing in height and dimensions with those on either side, and the remainder cut away by the door. Were further proof wanting, it exists in the staircase itself, the marks of the original ceiling which crossed the space it occupied.

pies being still visible. The whole three rooms then had clearly been originally one, measuring some forty-five feet in length, twelve in height, and about twenty in breadth; lighted by its three handsome windows. Thus, doubtless, it was when 'newly repaired' by 'Master J. Preston,' in the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth—the period to which the more modern features of the room—the fireplace and pannels—may be ascribed. Here, then, is a place worthy of the tradition; which, too, we may add, is in no slight degree confirmed by the circumstances narrated."

The article on Chaucer in the 'Cabinet Portrait. Gallery of British Worthies' is brief—a portrait, not a life : but we should add, that the facts are collected from original documents,—and may be said to form a condensed summary of Sir Harris Nicolas's elaborate and learned work on the same subject.

Memoirs of the Geological Survey of Great Britain, and of the Museum of Economic Geology in London.

THE formation of the Museum of Economic Geology must be regarded as an era in the history of scientific institutions in our country,—whether we regard the characters of those who are attached to it as officers or the objects which it has in view. The former have been chosen on the right principle. The places in the Museum have not been filled up with superannuated men of science or virtuous whose recommendation was their obsequiousness to some influential member of the government. The offices have been given to men of whose knowledge and rising reputation the country has a right to be proud. The names of De la Beche, Owen, John Phillips, Andrew Ramsay, Edward Forbes, Joseph Hooker, Lyon Playfair, and Robert Hunt are a guarantee that the work here to be done will be done speedily and efficiently:—and this volume contains the proof and confirmation. We wish we could bestow the same praise on all our government museums—more especially on the great national anomaly in Bloomsbury. There the objects of a scientific institution seem to be entirely lost sight of; and the amusement of nursemaids and holiday-makers—a very proper incidental use of such treasures—to be dignified into the sole end aimed at. All such public places as these should be made educational. Their officers should not be merely curators or exhibitors—but public instructors. Our royal gardens and royal museums should be rendered subservient to the elevation and enlightenment of the people. We are glad to know that in the development of the plans of the Museum of Economic Geology it is intended not to confine the labours of the officers to the production of papers such as accompany the present volume; but that they are to be employed in giving courses of lectures which will render immediately useful the large collection of British fossils and minerals already contained in the Museum.

The papers in this volume are chiefly on subjects connected with general views in geology and its applications. It is, however, intended, in subsequent volumes to give detailed descriptions of interesting localities—and engravings of all British fossils illustrating the researches of the Geological Survey of Great Britain and Ireland. The desire to possess a series of engravings of British fossils has already given rise to the formation of the Palaeontographical Society;—but this we hope will not deter the officers of the Museum from executing their purpose. The present volume is illustrated by sections of districts and other diagrams accompanying the various papers.

One of the most remarkable papers in these Memoirs is that by Prof. Edward Forbes, 'On

the Connexion between the Distribution of the existing Fauna and Flora of the British Isles and the Geological Changes which have affected their Area, especially during the Epoch of the Northern Drift.' The author gives in detail the facts on which rest the generalizations embodied by him in a paper read before the British Association at Cambridge. We need not further draw attention to these facts than to state that they appear to us to bear out the author's conclusions even with regard to some of his most startling propositions. They at least have the merit of affording an explanation of what had hitherto been a great difficulty. In order to account for the existence of the plants and animals on this island, Prof. Forbes starts with the hypothesis that every species of plant and animal originated in a single individual or pair from certain specific centres. The admission of this hypothesis lies at the very foundation of our idea of a species: and although, from its nature, its truth can never be confirmed by observation, yet a number of facts may be brought forward to render it almost a necessary conclusion. Having pointed out the insufficiency of facts to account for the propagation of the species of plants and animals within a given area either by a supposed special creation within that area or by transport to it, the author shows that the only way by which they could be distributed was by migration from specific centres before the areas in which they occur were broken up. He then proceeds to apply this explanation to the British Islands; and shows, with regard to its Flora and Fauna, that there is abundant geological evidence for proof that the plants and animals which inhabit this country in common with the continent of Europe have all proceeded from a single centre,—and that, although they now occupy districts widely separated by seas, they were distributed by a continuity of land or a distribution of land and water which no longer exists. It is not to be supposed that the plants and animals covering a district subjected to such varied disturbing causes as have affected Great Britain should have but a single relation with the land which surrounds it. Prof. Forbes points out more particularly in the Flora five distinct relations. The first is between the plants of the south-west of Ireland and the north of Spain. The second between those of the south-west of England, the south-east of Ireland, the Channel Isles and the neighbouring parts of France. A third is found between the south-east of England and the opposite coast of France. A fourth between the mountain plants occupying the British Alps and those which are found on the Scandinavian Mountains:—and a fifth exists between the general Flora of the British Islands and that of Central and Western Europe. In all these cases, Prof. Forbes indicates the geological facts which prove that the districts possessing a common Flora were at one time either continuous by land or in such relation that plants could easily migrate from one to the other. The most serious changes which have taken place are those that separated the south-west of Ireland from the north of Spain:—and, although it is difficult to account for the identity of many of the plants found in these two districts on any other theory than that of Mr. Forbes, some geologists might be disposed to join issue with him on this part of his theory.—We cannot pursue the writer further into detail: but we believe that he has opened up a most important path of inquiry, which will be followed in other countries,—and for which field exists in the fossil character of all the strata of the earth.

The other memoirs in this volume—by Sir Henry De la Beche, Dr. Lyon Playfair, and Messrs. Hunt, Ramsay, and Warrington Smyth—deserve the attention of all who are interested

in the science of geology or in its practical applications.

Highland Sports and Highland Quarters. By H. B. Hall. With Illustrations. 2 vols. Hurst.

THIS is a rambling book, written in a very rambling style;—one in which "the author pursues alike his game and pastime on the mountain brow or mid the woodlands, across the heathered hill or through the Highland glen," in a spirit of joyousness which defies criticism and scorns discretion. It is, in fact, a kind of rhapsody; commencing with the fiction of a Golden Age, progressing to some consideration of the Baronial time, and concluding with the squire's period, or that in which we live and sport. The book is much more remarkable for its vivacity than for its power. Incapable of satisfying literary taste as a composition, it is instinct with the spirit of cheerfulness and redolent of animal health and physical content. The last-named quality even obtrudes itself. With the system of the present day and the character of Young England in his sporting capacity Mr. Hall is "perfectly satisfied"; and it rejoices him to record that "sport is to be had—and first-rate sport—all over the kingdom; alike in England, Ireland and Scotland. Good houses, good hounds, and better riders than heretofore were ever known, notwithstanding their apparent dandyism in dress and appointments, are to be met with in every hunting field; and hunting has become a source of unequalled delight and excitement." Our neighbours beyond the Border have alike yielded to the modern law of progress, and in reference to sporting matters become wonderfully civilized. English example has, however, proved mischievous to Highland chieftainship.—

"Not many years have elapsed since Highland lairds, who possessed some twenty thousand acres of wild heath and mountain land, on which stood a castle with barely the accommodation of an English villa, and a proportional rental of two thousand per annum—riches in the land of their ancestors,—doffed their kilt and bonnet, and bidding farewell to their adoring clansmen, sought the pleasures of a London season—looked in at Tattersall's, visited Epsom, Ascot, Doncaster, and Newmarket; entered their names at White's and Brooks's, and even ventured to send a stud to Melton. Good fellows, pleasant companions, good riders, and first-rate shots, doubtless were they, but the southern atmosphere of England banished from their minds their usual national prudence. They totally forgot that although the number of their quarterings and the unquestioned antiquity of their ancestry might admit them within the narrow limits of first-rate society, they could never cope with men who had ten times their means, or follow, without speedy ruin, in the same career. What to the one was a matter of course, to the other was a rapid advance to beggary, and tended solely to enrich the W.S.'s of Edinburgh and elsewhere. As, however, some may not clearly understand the meaning of these letters, we will give them precisely the explanation that was given to us on our arrival in Scotland. On requesting to be informed as to what might be understood by the distinction of W.S. to the names of so many northern lawyers, the reply was, Sir W. Scott was a writer to the signet; and being learned in the law, all were doubtless desirous to follow in his footsteps; therefore, by the payment of a douceur—to whom deponent sayeth not—numerous attorneys were permitted to add W.S. to their names—anxious, no doubt, to be thought writers to the signet also, or 'Wise Solicitors,' or 'Wealthy Solicitors,' or W. anything else you like to call them commencing with an S. We cannot presume to say what may be the particular duties of a Writer to the Signet, but they are certainly important, as it requires some thousands to perform them. To conclude this chapter, however—the Wizards of the North remained at home, shot their own grouse, killed their own venison, caught their own salmon, and ate their own mutton—and

very good mutton it is, we can answer for: whereas,

the lairds, who fled to England for recreation, returned back to sorrow, and half the fine estates in Scotland are now in trust of the W.S.'s. • • The Scotch sportsmen who came to England, however, made, justly, many friends, and consequently induced those friends to cross the Border, and share in the sports, then little known or appreciated, of grouse shooting, salmon fishing, and lastly—save fox hunting the most noble of all sports—deer stalking, which has become the passion of all Englishmen who can afford it;—a passion which vents itself most pleasantly and sensibly into the pockets of those lairds who are wise enough still to kill only their own mutton from the hills which supply such abundant sports to their neighbours from the south. To them, it is unquestionably the Golden Age."

This must serve as introduction to the rugged mountain tops where, in search of game, the hunter with a light heart and firm foot rejoices in the bright clear sky and the autumnal sun. The Castle of Meggernie in Perthshire first invites the attention of the visitor to Glen Lyon, as a Highland shooting quarter beautifully situated and well appointed. Having reached the bottom of an apparently interminable hill, and rattled over an old but very ruinous stone bridge, our sportsman and his friends came to a dead halt before a gate in the very centre, as it seemed, of a thick covert.—

"Post-boy descended, and opened wide the portal, as we concluded and prayed, of Meggernie Castle. Devil a bit of such luck—we had still an avenue to pass—and such an avenue! (but of this more anon,) the river still rushing by our side. Oh, ye salmon and trout! what a cool and pleasing retreat! The darkness became more profound, and the stillness of the night, broken only by our carriage-wheels, more solemn, as on we poked our way, till at last we approached what, in the density, appeared a noble pile of massive stone. Not a sound was heard without, not a light was seen within. What a welcome and pleasing termination, thought we, to the sunshine of the morning! Ghosts and goblins of departed chiefs might be housed there, with little to eat and nought to drink, for all we knew; for all was silent as the grave. True, we had despatched a letter to say we were coming; and the noble tenant's permission to enter his abode had also duly preceded us. But the fact of posting a despatch in the fair city of Perth, and its chance of reaching this sequestered glen in safety, had never occurred to our minds. • • Five minutes scarcely elapsed ere we were made comfortable: a blazing peat and wood fire burnt on the hearth—a bottle was soon produced; but we forgot—not a bottle, but sixteen blown into one, containing the everlasting whiskey, we were about to say; but no, this was veritable 'mountain-dew.' We pledged the ghosts of departed chiefs for safety; we pledged the noble tenant of the chateau—this was our welcome-up; could we refuse one, or even two, so bountifully offered? A hot supper of stewed mountain hare, added to the cold viands we had brought from the Lowlands—a cigar—and then to bed."

This bit of rattling narrative is followed by some animated description of the surrounding scenery—and this again by an account of the "slaughter of the morning": which same account is, in the writer's estimation, "simple and unostentatious"—a "humble, but nevertheless truthful, picture of pleasures long past, but not forgotten." Easy sits such slaughter on the sportsman's conscience. With him, the end evidently consecrates the means; and in the purchase of health he regards not the moral cost.

The celebrated Deer Forest the property of the Marquis of Breadalbane occupies a large space in the regard of our tourists. On their way thither, they were gratified with the spectacle of a whole herd of red deer. On a subsequent occasion, they came into close contact, in Glenmoriston, with these splendid creatures.

"With our kind conductor, we skirted a great portion of the thick wood or covert, our companions also being appointed to favourable localities for the passing of the deer; and at length we found ourselves

fairly ensconced in a thicket, from which we commanded the crossing of two long rides or paths, cut in the recesses of the forest; and a multitude of beaters being thrown in, Heaven knows where, we awaited the coming of the sovereign of the glen—barring Glenmoriston himself. What passed beyond, as thus we lay secluded in that retired spot, we cannot here recount, inasmuch as a monthly volume of the "Colonial Library" would not admit of it. But as long as the breath of life remains to us—and we would wish to speak our natural feelings, though many may say "stuff!" we shall never forget that day. Half an hour elapsed in pleasing dialogue, in a sort of demi-tone. A joke was passed—a smothered laugh—the proposal to light a cigar. The deer will smell the smoke: their scent is very acute. Nevertheless, we both wished it. How dreadfully cold! Never mind, a shot will warm you. We sink knee deep in wet! Ah, that's nothing, when you're used to it! be patient. Well, we might! an hour elapsed, and not a sound. Can we be well placed? Decidedly so—none better. We are frozen! Never mind. Hark! a shout! Bang! The sound died away. We started up—heled the rifle firmly. Look out! A blackcock passed us, at any other time how welcome! Another shout—another bang! Half an hour more elapsed—we could scarcely brave it longer. Frozen—half drowned—the first hour's merriment began to flag. Had we only been allowed a cigar! but then the red deer are not fond of the smell of baccy. We coughed.—You must not cough! We sneezed.—No sneezing! We danced.—You must not dance. This is forest deer-shooting, is it? A jungle, for all we cared. Alas! how long had we desired luck! but then, like the child who cries for a toy, having obtained it, we could have flung the treasure away. But as yet we had not obtained it. Two hours had we remained in this damp and cold seclusion, when, lo! a louder report saluted our anxious ears; close at hand the echo came, and all our miseries were about to cease. 'Be patient—for Heaven's sake, be calm!' said our young companion, 'or you will miss him.' We have heard the whistling ball, which tells of danger past, fly harmless o'er our heads in scenes of bloodshed and danger—we have heard the shriek of agony occasioned by its paralyzing stroke—we have seen Death busy in the ranks of men, and have known the hour of agony and pain: in such moments we have thought of home and loved ones far away, and the heart has beat quick, and the nerves have been unstrung. We have also felt the joys of pride and pleasure, and known, which many never can count, moments of joy and excitement, which repay, and well repay, for long long hours of bitterness and anxiety. Yet, though folly may it be to declare it, never have we felt half the feverish excitement that was caused us at the moment when looking up the open forest side which lay in our front, we beheld the approach of about twenty red-deer coming towards us at full speed. Perhaps it was the cold—perhaps the wet, or the long waiting—we know not which—but so nervous were we, that scarcely could we lift the rifle to our shoulder. We managed, however, to shake off partially this feeling which unnerved us, and bringing the rifle to the shoulder, prepared for the coming deer. The quick eye of our young companion, however, accustomed to such sport, immediately perceived that the herd was composed of hinds, some having calves still by their sides, and not an antler among them. He therefore seized the arm, which in another instant would perhaps have pulled the trigger, and by destroying the mother, at the same time have murdered the son. And, lo! they passed—a noble group. To us they appeared as a drove of oxen—so large they loomed in the shades of the forest, and magnified by the excited state of our nerves. They passed, however, rapidly on, and were lost to view. We know not why, but this scene totally revived us: we recovered nerve, and felt that we had acted with patience, if not foresight. Altogether, we were recalled to the fact, that we desired to kill a stag; what we might have done, had not our young friend been at hand, we know not, but probably we should have wounded a hind. As for him, we hope ere this he has bagged a brace of elephants and lordly tigers.—But our patience and forbearance were amply rewarded. A brief time elapsed ere again the murderous voice of powder proclaimed the

deer at hand; and with nerves well knit we prepared ourselves for action. Once more the opening was darkened by the coming deer. In this instance the number was far less, but the antlers, the forked antlers, adorned their lofty heads. 'Take the leader,' said our young chieftain, 'and hit him in the heart. I shall not fire.' We did as he desired. Hidden by the trees, we, calmly as circumstances would permit, awaited the moment when the animal was well nigh abreast of our hiding-place, and then fired as he rapidly advanced. Almost immediately after the report, at not more than thirty yards from where we stood, the deer fell on its knees, and then with a sudden bound recovered itself, and fled through the forest. The gillie near at hand—for the moment we had forgotten him—and who held a fine deer hound, immediately slipped the noble animal, who at once gave chase to the wounded deer; and we followed, in eager and breathless hope of the result, which, however, we were not fated to know, ere the light of day had closed the glen in darkness; and had that pleasure been afforded us by time and sufficient remaining strength to follow on his lengthened track, we could ill have related here that which has been so forcibly and beautifully described by abler pens in accounts of wounded stags at bay."

In the midst of all this rhapsody and rhodomontade, alas, for the poor stag thus mortally wounded! At length, we find our excitable sportsman on the banks of the river Tay—then at Dalwhinnie—and then mounting the steep sides of Corryarrick.—

"It had previously been our good fortune during many reasons, both in summer's warmth and sunshine and during winter's frost and gloom, to visit many a mountain path, and stand on many a mountain summit. O'er the Simplon we have travelled when the green leaf hung thick on the woodland valley; the Mount Cenis we have crossed in wintry desolation; the Pyrenees, the Alps, the Morean Mountains, and Ætna's smoking pinnacle we have seen; and many another rocky mountain have we wandered over. Yet with all the resplendent beauty of many, and all the varied interests of others—to many, indeed most of which, Corryarrick can only be compared as a hill yet it nevertheless surpasses all in peculiarity of feature, and curiosity of prospect attained therefrom. From its grassy summit—for sheep might be, and are, we believe, there fed—no distant lakes or majestic rivers, no leafy glens, no rich vales, no life-thronged towns, or even hamlets, rich woodlands, or sheltered cops appear; but one boundless expanse or rough ocean of mountains and hills, whose tops seem to wave one beyond the other to the distant sea in the west, as on every other side as far as the eye can reach, to the marked outline of the horizon. In fact, nothing but the eye of life can convey to the mind any adequate idea of that snow-clad scene as we then beheld it, and which so entirely repaid us for our unseasonable, or some may add, fool-hardy excursion—the sensations inspired from which it would be impossible clearly to explain. The homeward flight of the ravens, however, if home they possess—together with the intensity of the cold, told us we had sufficiently for the nonce admired this wilderness of snowy mountains; therefore, having fired a distant shot without effect at one of these black wanderers, in order to break the desolation of stillness which reigned on all sides, we descended from our rocky eminence and hastened to overtake the gillie with his ponies, in order to ride down the long and interesting descent towards Laga-ne-viene. If the ascent of Corryarrick by the zigzag route approached from Dalwhinnie is rugged, precipitous, and interesting, from its very wildness and desolation; the less abrupt, but far longer ascent towards Laga-ne-viene or the Hollow of Milk, as it is termed—at which point, while travelling from Fort Augustus, the base of Corryarrick commences—offers no less abundance of picturesque beauty. All, however, is wild mountain and barren heathered hill, till you cross the river Tarff, when the hanging woods and rocky bed of the stream form a delightful relief from the interminable hills over which you have hitherto passed; and yet these hills, bleak as they are from situation as from appearance, afford admirable pasture for sheep, and formerly abundant black cattle ranged over their extensive sides."

Similar descriptions of Loch Lagan, of Ben Nevis, of Colonsay, and of Skye give a certain interest to these volumes:—which conclude with a visit to the Orkney and Shetland Islands. The effervescent spirit of the work is sustained to the end. We can sympathize with the writer's sense of enjoyment—but not with the moral of his story; preferring that of the poet who teaches us

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

Lazamon's Brut, or Chronicle of Britain; a Poetical Semi-Saxon Paraphrase of the Brut of Wace. Now first published from the Cottonian Manuscripts in the British Museum; accompanied by a Literal Translation, Notes, and a Grammatical Glossary. By Sir Frederic Madden, K.H., Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum. 3 vols. Published by the Society of Antiquaries of London.

We have in these three handsome volumes a publication which the philologists of England have long desired to see. The undertaking to print this curious and valuable Chronicle does no less credit to the liberality of the Society of Antiquaries than the selection of a fitting editor does to their judgment. The care and scholarship displayed in every page justify the propriety of that selection; for the established reputation of Sir Frederic Madden cannot but be augmented by the manner in which he has edited this early monument of our language and history. We say history advisedly;—as we shall presently have occasion to show.

The philological value of Lazamon's Brut has long been known and admitted. All who have made the history of our language a subject of investigation have felt, with the editor of the work before us, "that the most obscure, yet in many respects the most interesting, period of its progress is that during which the Anglo-Saxon language, already from the time of Edward the Confessor predisposed to change, was at length broken up and clothed with those characteristics in which the germs of our modern tongue are found." Sir F. Madden is not one of those who hold that this important change was occasioned solely, or even in a large proportion, by the influence of William and his Norman followers; but he inclines rather to the opinion broached by Price, that, since the substance of the change is admitted on all hands to consist in the suppression of those grammatical intricacies occasioned by the inflexion of nouns, the seemingly arbitrary distinctions of gender, the government of prepositions, &c., such change, whether the result of an innate law of the language or of some general law in the organization of those who spoke it, was in no way dependent upon external circumstances, foreign influence, or political disturbances. This position Price regarded as established by the undeniable fact, that every branch of the Low German stock from whence the Anglo-Saxon sprang displays the same simplification of its grammar. Be, however, the causes of the change from Anglo-Saxon to English what they may, the materials for tracing such change subsequently to the year 1100 are to be found in sufficient abundance, were they all in print, to enable us to mark its gradual development with no small distinctness; and Sir F. Madden suggests, as we think with good reason, that the following divisions exhibit with tolerable accuracy the several stages of such development:

Semi-Saxon	from A.D.	1100	to A.D.	1230
Early English	"	1230	"	1330
Middle English	"	1330	"	1500
Later English	"	1500	"	1600

The work before us belongs to the first of these periods; and it is scarcely necessary to point out to our readers the value and importance of a poetical composition of such great

length, (it is furnish'd of our land beginning could hope scattered print;—w by a second years after it, on it, enable further ch gone dur exten the become o add, that the work ment of us in all we think great is of Lazam Is hist and with in mind is a semi Norman —of the Monm credib toria Bri medde. is undeni found ch authenticity to be to is, howe tion; and truth of beyond t blishes the inven This d of those Geoffrey fess— derived it does not the lege lities wh fey or moreover rema to be tra our limi enter in who fee course, which i bygone test con of that we But this chanc are con lines to or of his na broader of his fa text); at Ern Sever. Several that En birth: thinking a supp as a p Emley follo

length, (it consists of upwards of 32,000 lines,) in furnishing us with a better idea of the state of our language at the end of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth centuries than we could hope to obtain from the few short and scattered specimens of it already existing in print;—while the fact that it is accompanied by a second text, undoubtedly composed many years after the first, and immediately founded on it, enables us to perceive at once the still further change which the language had undergone during that interval, and to note to what extent the diction and form of the earlier text had become obsolete or unintelligible. When we add, that the colloquial character of much of the work adds greatly to its value as a monument of language, since it serves to convey to us in all probability the current speech of the writer's time as it passed from mouth to mouth, we think we shall have shown satisfactorily how great is the philological importance of the *Brut* of Lazamon.

In historical value is next to be established; and with a view to this object, it must be borne in mind that Lazamon's *Chronicle of Britain* is a semi-Saxon paraphrase, through an Anglo-Norman medium,—namely, that of Maistre Wace—of the world-renowned chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth. With the origin of, and degree of credibility to be attached to, Geoffrey's *Historia Britonum* it is not our present business to meddle. Its influence on mediæval literature is undeniable. It has in more recent times found champions as ready to maintain its authenticity as other good men and true have been to impugn it. The evidence of Lazamon is, however, of no small moment in this question; and that evidence establishes—not the truth of Geoffrey's history, that is of course beyond the power of all testimony—but it establishes this one great fact—that Geoffrey was not the inventor of the fables which he has recorded. This it does by distinctly proving the existence of those traditions which formed the basis of Geoffrey's history; traditions which Geoffrey professed—and who shall now gainsay him?—to have derived from Breton authorities. But Lazamon does more than this:—he not only derives from the legendary stores of Wales names and localities which are not to be found in either Geoffrey or his Anglo-Norman versifier; but he, moreover, weaves into his narrative a number of remarkable additions, many of which are clearly to be traced to Welsh tradition. It is not within our limits, as it is not within our purpose, to enter into details upon this point. The reader who feels its importance will, as a matter of course, refer to the book for the evidence on which it depends; whilst he who holds such bygone legends as of little worth will gladly rest contented with our assertion on condition that we do not bestow upon him all the tediousness of our proofs.

But who, it may be asked, was the author of this chronicle for the importance of which we are contending? A few words in the prefatory lines to his poem tell all that is known of him or of his history. From these, we learn that his name was *Lazamon* (in the later text broadened in sound to *Laweman*), and the name of his father, was *Leovenath* (*Leuca* in the later text); that he was a priest, and dwelt (*wonede*) at *Ermleze*, at a church on the banks of the Severn, near *Radstone*, where he "read books." Several writers have inferred from this passage that *Ernley* or *Redstone* was the place of his birth: but we agree with Sir F. Madden in thinking that there is no good ground for such a supposition,—and that Lazamon's profession as a priest and his residence at the church at *Ernley* are both explained by the line which follows, "ther he bock radde,"—i.e. where he was

accustomed to read the services of the church. Unless it be so interpreted, there will appear no connexion between his occupation and the place of his abode.

The sources to which Lazamon acknowledges himself to have been indebted for his materials are three: namely, a book in English made by Saint Bede—and which is generally understood to be the Anglo-Saxon version of Bede's 'Ecclesiastical History' attributed to Alfred; another in Latin, made by Saint Albin and Austin,—by which latter the editor believes Lazamon to have intended the Latin text of the 'Ecclesiastical History' (the Anglo-Saxon version of which Lazamon erroneously attributes to Bede). His third authority, and that to which he is mainly indebted, is the Anglo-Norman metrical chronicle of the *Brut*, translated from Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Historia Britonum*, by Wace; which was completed in the year 1155, and embraces the history of Britain, fabulous or true, from the destruction of Troy and subsequent arrival of Brutus to the death of Cadwalader A.D. 689. We have already alluded to Lazamon's amplifications of this history; and their extent may be judged of from the fact, that while Wace contains little more than fifteen thousand lines, Lazamon's paraphrase extends to more than double that number.

But besides these authors and the Welsh traditions to which we have alluded, references are occasionally made to works extant in the time of Lazamon but not now to be recognized. After quoting some instances of such references, and showing that the author, with a mind richly stored with legendary lore, had availed himself to a considerable extent of the information to be derived from written sources,—Sir F. Madden deduces a general inference, in the justice of which those who have read Mr. Maitland's "Dark Ages" will be quite prepared to agree. "We know," he says, speaking of Lazamon, "that he understood both French and Latin; and when we consider, that these varied branches of knowledge were combined in the person of a humble priest of a small church in one of the midland counties, it would seem to be no unfair inference that the body of the clergy, and perhaps the upper classes of the laity, were not in so low a state of ignorance at the period when Lazamon wrote as some writers have represented."

We trust that we have shown how wisely the Society of Antiquaries acted when they undertook the publication of this curious monument of our early history and language. The editor tells us that he has devoted the leisure hours of many years of toil and anxiety to the work; and an examination of the care with which he has arranged and illustrated his text, revised his translation, and prepared his valuable glossary, will not only confirm his statements, but secure for him that satisfaction which he says he shall feel if the work "should prove acceptable to those whose judgment is of value."

An Archaeological Index to Remains of Antiquity of the Celtic, Romano-British, and Anglo-Saxon Periods. By John Yonge Akerman. Smith.

The title-page scarcely does justice to the nature and contents of this volume; which is more of a history or disquisition than a mere index to Celtic, Romano-British, and Anglo-Saxon remains. Each is described with considerable minuteness and apparent accuracy;—and no one can doubt the author's qualifications. Mr. Akerman's chief reputation is as a numismatist; but in the work before us he has shown that his archaeological acquirements have a

much wider range. In his brief preface he observes—

"The materials forming the bulk of this volume are chiefly derived from the examination of sepulchral remains: but, though necessarily limited, these remains are, in many respects, of the highest value and importance to the Archaeologist: they comprise the weapons, utensils, and personal ornaments, of different races who once occupied Britain, from the earliest dawn of our history down to the middle of the eighth century, when the Pagan mode of sepulture was finally abandoned in Britain. The antiquities of three important stages of our history are here brought together, and an attempt is made to classify them, a task difficult only where the objects appear to belong to Transition-periods, as in the late Roman and early or Pagan-Saxon, and some few relics of a probably Romano-Celtic origin. How much such a work has been needful will be seen by reference to many volumes of very imposing size, and great pretensions, where Celtic, Roman and Anglo-Saxon objects are confounded with each other, in a manner calculated in every way to embarrass and perplex the Archaeological Student."

Such is the scope of his design;—but we will tell the author at once where he is at fault. He is apt to use terms which, though well known to antiquaries, require explanation to neophytes, before he has given the needful information. Thus at page 5—every man versed in the subject knows what is meant by a *kistvaen* and a *cist*, but the persons for whom Mr. Akerman's book is intended are probably ignorant of the matter; and although it is made pretty clear afterwards, the reader is left inconveniently in the dark for several successive pages. Again, at page 16—where the author speaks of the *mænhir* or *peulvan* as "a long narrow stone set upright in the ground, generally with the small end downward," he forgets to give any notion of its size. A *mænhir* may be as large as any of the masses of which Stonehenge consists,—or it may be no bigger than a mile-post. This error obviously arises from the fact that the writer is, himself, too well informed, and does not sufficiently reckon on the ignorance of his readers.

Now and then we observe that Mr. Akerman does not himself seem quite clear upon a point. For instance, where he is advertiring (p. 50) to the materials of which what are called *cells* are composed, he tells us that those materials are of thirteen kinds. In fact, however, he gives only twelve; for "indurated clay-stone" and "clay-stone" are evidently the same:—and we have, besides, "indurated clay," as if it were different from the two others.

Mr. Akerman has unquestionably taken great pains with his work; and it is illustrated by a series of nineteen neat plates in outline. The portion which is put together with the least care is, perhaps, that which relates to Romano-British inscriptions. Here the author explains the initials H. S. E. sometimes as signifying *Hic Situs Est* and at others as *Hic Sepultus Est*:—while in one place (p. 67) he obviously misplaces the letters. However, these are mere trifles: and the work is so excellent and useful as a whole that we have the less reluctance in pointing out unimportant defects. We think the writer might advantageously have gone further into detail in his information in some places:—and we refer particularly to the little which he says (pp. 91 and 92) regarding tessellated pavements and Roman walls. On the subject of Barrows he is more satisfactory; as may be judged from the following quotation.—

"The circumference of the smallest Barrows is about thirteen or fourteen feet; that of the largest thirty-three to thirty-five feet; and they are generally surrounded by a shallow trench. The cists in which the bodies are deposited, usually vary in depth from one to six feet. Douglas states that he found some which exceeded ten feet. More recent excavations on the downs beyond Canterbury, under the direction

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of Lord Albert Conyngham, have added a few new objects to those already discovered, proving incontestably that these Barrows are not the burial places of the slain, but the sepulchres of a people in quiet possession of the country. 'Their situation,' observes Douglas, 'near villages of Saxon names, their numbers proportioned to a small clan of people existing at a peculiar era, afford the critical evidence of their owners. They are scattered all over Britain, in places which the Saxons occupied, and are not discovered in the parts of Wales which they had not subdued. The relics, compared with those discovered in the urns found at Walsingham, in Norfolk, the subject of the beautiful old treatise on urn-burial by Dr. Browne, shew the identity of people, and evince the funeral customs of the Saxons, on their visiting this country, to be that of burning, as well as interring the dead.' Those who have been engaged in researches of this description will testify to the accuracy of these remarks; but some will be disposed to question the propriety of the inference which the author draws, when he states his opinion that the Saxons extirpated the Britons from the parts which they then occupied. That the Romanised Britons were entirely subdued by the Saxons is evident, but the total annihilation of the people formerly in possession of the country by their invaders, is not proved by these relics, some of which, but more particularly the urns, which are occasionally found in these graves, remind us of the pottery of the Roman-British period.

It seems to us an omission that Mr. Akerman says nothing regarding the coining of the Celtic, Romano-British, and Anglo-Saxon periods: — a topic on which he was, above all men, competent to give interesting and accurate information.

LITERARY TABLE.

The Parliamentary Companion. By C. R. Dodd, Esq.—This excellent annual has in its fifteenth issue a more than usual importance. It comes commended as a new edition for the new Parliament; and its statistic revelations are curious. The new Parliament is in a special sense new; so many persons not having been introduced to that body since the first reformed Parliament as on this occasion. In that former assembly there were 280 new members—in the present there are 223—who had no seats at the previous dissolution. But the composition of the House is even still more significant—increasing to a remarkable extent the power of the middle classes. There have been returned a greater number of railway directors, engineers and contractors, of barristers, of merchants, of retail tradesmen, and of political writers and lecturers—while the number of naval and military officers, of persons connected with noble families, and of country gentlemen has been smaller—than in any of the fifteen years during which Mr. Dodd's publication has been established. Pledges have in many instances been exacted by electors respecting the endowment of the Roman Catholic clergy, the maintenance of the Navigation Laws, and the further extension of Free Trade principles: and these have been carefully recorded as additions to the old party designations—so as to enable the reader easily to distinguish the supporters of Sir Robert Peel's policy—the friends of Lord John Russell's government—the adherents of Lord George Bentinck—the advocates of the People's Charter—the Irish Repeal party—&c. The subdivisions are too numerous to mention. Under the new circumstances, eloquence and talent are likely to have more influence than they have been wont lately to exert.

Olliver's Parliamentary Register for Contested Elections—will be found convenient as a political pocket book:—Letts & Co. have published a small waistcoat-pocket list of *The Houses of Parliament as they are*; with the number polled by each Member of the Lower House at the recent general election:—and Mr. Dipple of Holywell Street a broadsheet, under the title of a *Comprehensive Statistical Chart of England and Wales*, which will be very useful for reference; presenting at one view an alphabetical list of all the cities, boroughs, and principal villages, with the counties in which they are situated, market days, distances from London, population according to the last Census, and number of Members which they

return respectively to Parliament, and the names of the present House of Commons.

Spenser and the Faery Queen. By Mrs. C. M. Kirkland.—This is a reprint, with the spelling modernized, of the first book of the poet's great work—preceded by a dissertation on him and it; and is one of a class of publications for which America is deserving of credit. Messrs. Wiley & Putnam, and others, seem to have organized a regular system of translation and revival, by which the best works of Europe—French, German, and English—are introduced to the American reader.—Mrs. Kirkland's prefatory essay is elegant and judicious.

Chronological Tables. By W. D. Bruce.—The antiquary and genealogist will find this brochure convenient for many points of reference—particularly as a guide in computing dates.

The Rail. By Peter Progress the Younger.—A neatly illustrated juvenile book on "The Rise, Progress, Use, and Advantages of the Rail." It is written in a popular and lively vein. Among the valuable suggestions in the little work is one for using the agency of railways towards the improvement of the sanitary condition of the people, by the establishment of small villages at the side of the railroad within ten miles distance from London. Relatively to railway accidents, it is statistically proved in these pages that in proportion to the number of passengers carried and the number of miles travelled, coach accidents were ten times as many in number.

My Flock.—This is a register intended for the use of the parish priest; arranged in columns fitted to note the circumstances of each family within the circle of his pastoral visits.

Hints on Elocution. By C. W. Smith.—A good selection of observations on the subject from the best authorities; made, with a view to practical results, by a teacher of the art.

The Patriots of Italy: an Appeal in their Behalf. By J. F. Stanford, Esq.—A defence of the policy of Pius IX. against the aggressions of Austria. The writer endeavours to explain to the world the position of the Roman See and of the parties into which the Roman State is divided—in order to show more fully the benefits produced and purposed by the present Pope. According to our apologist, the position of the sovereign Pontiff is now most critical, the danger of some *coup de main* on the part of Austria is imminent, and the crisis of the liberal movement has arrived. Under these circumstances, he calls for a declaration of national feeling from the people of England.

A Constitutional History of the University of Dublin. By D. C. Heron.—revives the question which its author tried at law relative to the Trinity College scholarship, and the attendance at sacrament required of all candidates,—whereby the Catholic is virtually excluded. The book is, accordingly, devoted to the cause of University reform. The writer is master of his argument—and conducts it with tact.

Summer Excursions in the County of Kent, along the Banks of the Rivers Thames and Medway—is a work of considerable pretensions in its literary getting-up and pictorial adornments. It may be safely recommended to the tourist by those pleasant streams.

Sylvan's Pictorial Handbook to the Clyde and its Watering Places is a publication of the same class, illustrated with plans and sketches of scenery. Its information is conveyed in an easy and familiar style—that does not neglect the poetic associations properly belonging to its subjects. These Guide-books are a useful class of publications, greatly on the increase.—We may add here that Mr. Wyld has added to his many useful maps one laying down the *District of the Lakes*.

The Chronological Scripture Atlas.—A highly useful and well illustrated series of maps, published by Messrs. Bagster, in elucidation of sacred history. The work pays due attention to the principal epochs in the ecclesiastical history of Christendom, and the condition of the Holy Land at all periods. It contains a chart of general history and a table of comparative chronology,—in the elaboration of which much industry and skill have been employed. To these is added a geographical index, whereby the student is enabled to compare all the parallel passages which relate to any particular locality. This is claimed as a new feature in such works; and forms a serviceable concordance.

A Financial, Monetary, and Statistical History of England, from the Revolution of 1668 to the Present Time. By Thomas Doubleday, Esq.—Had this book been what it professes to be—a history—it might have proved an available contribution to our literature. It is, however, only an *ex parte*, though able, statement of the funding system considered as a great mistake—or rather a great wickedness—both in principle and operation. We can, says Mr. Doubleday, no more righteously demand than we can sell our country; and the attempt to do so tends to its slavery, impoverishment, and weakness.—The 'Currency Bill' in his estimation was a blunder—but he will not suffer the discredit of it to fall on Sir Robert Peel. It being thought expedient to connect persons of moderate means with the funding system, savings' banks were instituted: and relatively to these, Mr. Doubleday remarks that it is curious that hardly a word has been uttered regarding the injustice of the scheme on which they are founded,—going, as it does, upon the principle of taxing those who cannot save, to take care of the money and pay the interest of those who can. The treatise is not without merit. It shows both research and sound thinking: but is exclusive and partial in the extreme.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Adams's (Rev. W.) *Shadow of the Cross*, 6th ed. 16mo. 2s. 6d. cl. Alibus's (Rev. S.) *Sunday Scholar's Christian Year*, 32mo. 16s. cl. Antwerp, with Notes of Customs, &c. 3 vols. 8vo. 5s. cl. Benthem's (Capt.) *Islands of the Indian Archipelago*, Part I. 16s. cl. Beasley's (J.) *Farm Account Book*, royal folio, 15s. 16s. cl. Brown's (Frank) *Lynn Rudis*, fc. 8vo. 5s. cl. Cawley's (D.) *Medieval and Anglo-Saxon Cures by Inhalation*, fc. 16s. cl. Chapman's (W.) *Marcus and His Memory*, 4th ed. 16s. cl. Cotterill's *Selection of Psalms and Hymns*, fc. 8vo. 5s. cl. Dugdale's *Virgil*, a Literal Translation, new ed. 8vo. 16s. cl. Experimental Education, by Author of 'A Sponsor's Gift,' 12mo. 16s. cl. Farington's *Zadok, the Hebrew Wanderer*, a Poem, Canto I. 8vo. 16s. cl. Goldring's (W.) *Book of Hours*, 12mo. 16s. cl. Gray's (Mrs. H.) *History of Rome for Young People*, 2 vols. 12s. cl. Hull's *Ecclesiastical Establishments and Christianity*, fc. 8vo. 16s. cl. Hunter's (Rev. J.) *Text Book of Arithmetic*, 12mo. 16s. cl. Overton's (Rev. C.) *Cottage Lectures*, 12mo. 3s. cl. Popham's (W. H.) *Nursery Guide*, fc. 8vo. 16s. cl. Radnage's (Rev. H.) *On Apathy and Diseases of the Heart*, 8vo. 16s. cl. Sabine's (Lieut.-Col.) *Observations at St. Helena*, Vol. I. 16s. 2s. cl. Scriptural Instruction; or, Biblical History, 3 vols. 18mo. 16s. cl. Scott's (Rev. B.) *Elementary Geography*, 4th ed. 16s. cl. Stade's (Rev. J.) *Parochial Sermons*, Vol. V. II. 12mo. 16s. cl. Stoddart's (S.) *The Human Brain*, 2nd ed. illus. 12mo. 16s. cl. Thoughts on Sacred Subjects, in Prose and Poetry, 18mo. 3s. cl. Todd's (Rev. J.) *Index Retrum*; or, Index of Subjects, new ed. 16s. cl. Wogan (W.) *On the Proper Lessons*, new ed. with Index, 2 vols. 16s.

POLK-LORE.

THE POLK-LORE OF SHAKSPEARE.

By William J. Thomas.

II.—*Shakespeare's Elves and Fairies.*

Fairies, black, grey, green and white,
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.

THE most successful attempt which has hitherto been made to preserve the popular stories that are still current in any part of the British Islands is, unquestionably, 'The Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland,' by Mr. Crofton Croker; and the reader who is interested in the "small philosophy" supposed to be involved in the study of popular superstitions will doubtless remember the curious essay 'On the Nature of the Elves' written by the Brothers Grimm,—a translation of which forms so interesting a portion of the third volume of Mr. Croker's amusing work.

The writings of Shakespeare, and the records which he has left us of the sayings and doings, the haunts and habits, of our English

Urchins, ophelia, and fairies green and white, furnish a poetical and striking commentary upon that learned dissertation,—as also upon the notes on the same subject which James Grimm has collected in his 'German Mythology.' For instance, one of the most striking peculiarities which the fairies of Shakespeare exhibit is their diminutive size. Queen Ma-

comes

In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the forefinger of an alderman;

and Puck tells us that when Oberon and Titania meet,

They square, that all the elves for fear
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

This corresponds exactly with the tiny dimensions attributed to them in the mythology of the north; where it is said, that men are of a middle size—between the giants and elves—the stature of the giants

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turns upon this peculiarity of the fairy character. The following is a translation from a version given by Arwidsson in his "Svenska Fornsanger" *—

Sir Olof and The Fairies.

Sir Olof rides out at break of day,
Falling the dew and driving the mist,
He rides till he reaches the mountain grey,
At even Sir Olof returns again.
Ever Sir Olof had ridden that mountain o'er,
Falling the dew, &c.,
The Elf-King's daughter stood him before,
At even Sir Olof, &c.
Her snowy white hand outstretched she,
Oh, prithee, Sir Olof, come dance with me.
With thee, maiden, dance, I nor can nor may,
For to-morrow it is my bridal day.
That elf-maiden smote with her hand so white,
"Sorrow and sickness on thee alight!"
That elf-maiden smote with her cap so small,
"No more shall priest's benison on thee fall!"
Sir Olof has turned his noble steed,
And home to his mother has ridden with speed.
And straight when she saw him that mother said,
"What has paled that cheek, once so bonny and red?"
"Oh well may my cheek so pale be found,
For, alas! I have trodden on fairy ground.
To-morrow my love with her maidens will come
To ask thee, oh mother, why tarrieth thy son.
And when she thus asks thee, oh mother, then say,
My son to the greenwood hath taken his way."
When the night it was past, and the day it was come,
Came his love and her bridesmaids to Sir Olof's home.
"God's blessing, oh mother-in-law, rest on thee,
Say, where is my bridegroom, say where tarrieth he?"
"Askest thou after Olof, the bridegroom so gay,
My son to the greenwood hath taken his way."
"Oh say, does he prize more the hart and the roe
Than the love of his young bride, oh can it be so?"
Then straightway she goes to his chamber so wide,
The arras and hanging she throweth aside.
Then straightway she draweth the curtains so red,
And there lay Sir Olof, but Sir Olof lay dead.
And when from that chamber the maiden came down,
Her fair hair hung wildly beneath her gold crown.
And before the next morning's sun arose,
There were three laying dead in Sir Olof's house.
The first was Sir Olof, the second his bride,
Falling the dew and driving the mist,
The third was his mother, for sorrow she died.
At even Sir Olof returns again.

We will bring the present paper to a close with a Flemish Legend; which, while it exhibits another instance of fairy fondness for music and dancing, (for, doubtless, the merry dancers therein were fairies,) will serve at the same time to show the uncertainty and capriciousness of the elfin character.

An old fiddler was returning home from the fair at Opbrakel,—where he had contrived to line his purse pretty well by the exercise of his calling; and his road lay through the Forest of Nederbrakel, in the neighbourhood of which he resided. It was just midnight; and Kartof—for such was the fiddler's name—who had learned from the Americans to love the fragrant weed, felt how much he should enjoy the company of his pipe if he could but get a light. By great good luck, just as this wish arose in his mind, he perceived a light in the middle of the wood. He accordingly turned his steps in that direction; and on reaching the spot whence the light proceeded, was surprised to see a glorious bonfire and a number of men and women dancing around it. Kartof begged the favour of a light; and twenty hands were instantly stretched out to supply his want. Well pleased was the old fiddler when he found his pipe once more alight and the grateful vapour curling round his nostrils. While he was taking a few quiet whiffs before resuming his journey, one of the dancers spied the violin under his arm; and begged him, in return for their civility, to play a few dance tunes. To this, Kartof, who was a little vain of his skill, readily consented; and while he was tuning his instrument, they handed him a glass of capital wine by way of encouraging him to do his best. At length all was ready. Kartof struck up one of his liveliest airs,—and off went the dancers: and so well pleased were they with his performance, that they kept ever and

anon rewarding him with bright gold-pieces, and plying him with the good liquor to keep his strength up. After some time, the wine and the exertion of playing overpowered poor Kartof, and he dropped down upon the grass fast asleep;—and so the dance ended. The sun was high in the heavens, next morning, when Kartof awoke, and lifted his heavy head from the ground to see where he had been sleeping and to collect his scattered senses. He found himself in the middle of the wood, beside a heap of ashes which were still smouldering. He tried his fiddle; for his drunkenness had not made him forget his performance of the preceding night—nor the rich guerdon which he had received for it. His fiddle was all right: but when he came to look at the gold pieces—oh, misery and disappointment!—they were all turned to beech leaves, the same as those which lay around him in thousands. So, poor Kartof returned home, with an aching head and a troubled spirit—sorely puzzled what to make of his adventures in the Forest of Nederbrakel.

LUNAR INFLUENCE.

Highfield House, near Nottingham,
September 7.

In answer to the letter written by A. C. M. in the *Athenæum* of the 28th of August on *Lunar Influence*, which originated from an assertion made in my work on "Atmospheric Phenomena," I have to offer a few remarks which I trust will effectually remove this popular prejudice.

With regard to the argument being strengthened because it has had the sanction and support of the ancients, the same reformation may now have taken place as did in the astronomical history when Copernicus denounced the system of Ptolemy.

Again, "mariners, shepherds and stage-coachmen," although they have great advantages of observing the changes in the weather, are not the persons to be depended upon, *because of their superstitious ideas*. Were you to converse with them, you would find they have the most ridiculous notions with respect to the moon. In this part of the country, I have frequently spoken to that class who may be termed shepherds and stage-coachmen upon this subject, and have found such to be the case. Turning to the mariners, we know they have a superstition against commencing a voyage on Friday; and it is quite astonishing at the large sea port towns to notice the number of vessels setting sail on Thursday and Saturday in comparison with those that leave on Friday. Are opinions from such men worthy of being noticed?

A. C. M. states,—"I have been in the habit, for more than twenty years, of registering the weather; loosely to be sure, yet in a way quite sufficient as a reference to show the changes, and when they occurred." If these records have been faithfully made, I need only ask A. C. M. to examine them; and he will most assuredly find that the changes *do take place at every age of the moon*. But I am afraid these observations have not been carried on in a faithful and unbiased manner; because he says,—"now it never occurred to me (until of late) I have seen the idea scouted to doubt the lunar influence;" and then again he states,—"my own rough observations have induced me, as before mentioned, to put implicit faith in lunar influence." This plainly points out that he is prejudiced in favour of the moon's influence. I am surprised that a gentleman fond of science, and an observer of the changes in the weather, should let himself be contented with the opinions of others without endeavouring, in an unprejudiced manner, to satisfy himself on the subject from his own observations.

From another passage in this letter, viz.—"those who entertain a contrary opinion have been led into it from finding the same weather continue after a change of the moon has taken place,"—it appears that when the changes have not been in accordance with the theory of A. C. M., they have been passed over with the prejudicial idea that it was owing to "a struggle between the lunar influence and another (may be magnetic.)"

In the year 1843, I was one of the meteorological observers for the Royal Agricultural Society of England; and made careful observations on this particular branch of the science. The result arrived at was that there was no foundation for the opinion in question.

Since the above year, and also for some time previous to 1843, meteorological observations have been carried on here; and at the close of each year, an examination of the papers has strengthened my mind more and more against this prejudice. Indeed, as far as I am myself concerned, my papers are quite sufficient to show that the moon does not influence the changes in the weather; but in the minds of the public, I being unknown to them, they perhaps would not be so satisfactory. However, I am enabled, through the kindness of my friend James Glaisher, Esq., of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, to give you the following result of the observations recorded there:—and as these observations are made so very frequently and accurately, the results obtained must be conclusive.

Mr. Glaisher says,—"As you are aware, since the year 1840 magnetical and meteorological observations have been taken every two hours, night and day, with the exception of Sundays,—upon which days the observations have been less frequently made. We may therefore look upon these volumes" (Greenwich Observations) "as recording every important change in the weather which has taken place since that time."

"These changes have been found to be as frequent at every age of the moon as when she has been 7, 14, 21, or 28 days old:—therefore, she cannot have had the slightest influence over any of them."

"With respect to her influence upon an atmospheric tide elaborate investigations of different kinds have been made each year, at a great amount of labour indeed. These investigations were:—1. Upon her influence upon the readings of the barometer, according to her hour-angle, at every two hours' distance from the meridian both above and below the horizon. 2. Upon her influence depending upon her declination. 3. Upon her influence depending upon her distance from the earth. 4. Upon her influence depending upon her relative position with respect to the sun."

"With respect to the results derived from the first investigation, it has been found that each year's results have indicated a lunar atmospheric tide; such that in the year 1841 the maximum pressure of the atmosphere took place when the moon was about two hours west of the upper meridian, and the minimum pressure when she was about two hours east of the lower meridian. In the year 1842 the maximum pressure took place near the time of the moon's upper meridian passage, and the minimum when she was four hours west of this passage. Thus, the two extreme pressures were separated by four hours only. In the year 1843 the maximum was when she was near her lower meridian passage, and the minimum when she was near her upper meridian passage. In the year 1844 the maximum was when she was near her upper meridian passage, and the minimum when she was near her lower meridian passage. The results of this year are exactly the reverse of those of the preceding year, 1843.—In the year 1845, no results of any value can be deduced; as during this year the changes of the barometer readings were frequently very large, and then these changes were very numerous; also the usual diurnal change was frequently reversed, and for a long time together. It would almost seem that during parts of the year some foreign substance was floating in the atmosphere whose laws of variation are not known."

"It will be seen that there is no accordance whatever in the preceding results, as deduced from year to year."

"With respect to the results deduced from the second investigation,—in the years 1841, 1842 and 1844 the barometer readings appeared to be somewhat increased by the moon's position in south declination: in the year 1844, such increase appeared to depend on the moon's position when she was at or near the equator.

"The result deduced from the investigations depending on the moon's distance from the earth was, in the year 1841, that when the moon was nearest to the earth the mean height of the barometer was less than when she was at her greatest distance. In 1842, the reading was the highest when she was at her mean distance from the earth,—and it was least when she was the nearest to the earth. In 1843 and in 1844, the barometer readings were the highest when she was nearest to the earth,—and the least when she was at her greatest distance."

"From the fourth investigation, the result was found to be, in 1841, that the barometer reading was

* 'Svenska Fornsanger.' En Samling af Kampavisor, Folk Visor, Lekar och Dansar, samt Barn och Vall-Sanger, 3 vols. 8vo. This admirable collection of Swedish popular songs is far less known in this country than it deserves to be. The learned editor, Adolf Ivar Arwidsson, is the Librarian of the Royal Library at Stockholm.

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an atmosphere tide at St. Helena, indicated by Lieut.-Col. Sabine in a paper read before the Royal Society the 28th of January of the present year, is such that the barometer was higher when the moon was on the meridian, either above or below the pole, than when she was six hours distant from the meridian, by an average quantity less than 0'004 inch.

Theoretically, the ebb and flow of the atmospheric tide should be the greatest in the vicinity of the equator;—but even here it would seem to amount to less than four thousandths of an inch of mercury. This result is one of very great philosophical interest as connected with the principle of gravitation; but it can scarcely be thought of sufficient influence to affect the weather in the slightest degree."

I trust this will be a satisfactory proof against the theory of your Dover correspondent.

EDWARD JOSEPH LOWE.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

Paris.

You know my taste for that peculiar sort of information respecting my native land—the men and things of England—which is communicated by foreigners; especially by our neighbours whose insight into the character, and acquaintance with the events, of other countries are so remarkable. You will not wonder, therefore, that a lecture which I heard some time since from M. Philarete Chasles at the Collège de France, on 'Thomas Carlyle,' afforded me a rich harvest of this kind of satisfaction. Here I learned several things so new to me, and among them some which I was so happy to learn, that I cannot but suppose I shall do you a favour in making you acquainted with them. And first, nothing pleased me better than to know that our excellent countryman and friend has actually drunk of that fountain of youth which less fortunate poets dream of. M. Chasles began this biographical notice by telling us that Thomas Carlyle was forty,—but instantly corrected himself and said thirty-five. I must own that at first I was a little surprised that the very remarkable man whom I first saw in London nearly twenty years ago, was then not more than fifteen or sixteen. Appearances (and among them a wife) seemed a little against this statement;—but what has one to oppose to facts collected with such care and affirmed with such undoubting assurance?

But the satisfaction which I felt at hearing that Carlyle stood still on the threshold of youth was suddenly dampened by the declaration of the orator, that "la vie de Thomas Carlyle est une drame—une tragédie."

Alas! I thought I, what terrible event has happened to my honoured friend since I heard of him? What are the mournful incidents of this tragedy?—In a state of the liveliest anxiety I sat watching for the development of this tragedy. It amounted pretty nearly to this:—that Thomas Carlyle is the son of a peasant; born in one of those *chaumières*, painted by Ruydael, from which the smoke is seen curling up among the trees; in that part of Scotland called the Border, "que Walter Scott a rendu si célèbre—que justement le berceau de ces jolis vers chantés par les demi-sauvages du nord de l'Ecosse;" that he studied at Aberdeen,—and then, not knowing very well what use to make of his studies, came to London, where he lived in obscure and gloomy solitude, poor, contempt, overlooked,—till at length he had fought the great dragon called Society, and obtained a signal victory over it. In listening to the moving description of the profound loneliness of his hero, I was somewhat offended that the orator thought fit to ignore the charming and *spirituelle* companion whom Mr. Carlyle was so fortunate as to have brought with him into the desert;—but, concluding that in Paris a wife *au compte pas*, I excused him. Then I thought of others who loved and honoured Carlyle from his first

appearance,—especially the kind and gifted family in which he had been an inmate: but such friendly figures would have been inconvenient intruders in a "tragédie."

We learned too that Mr. Carlyle, seeing the debasement of the English language, had taken to the study of the *Meso-Gothic* tongue, and was among the "perhaps four" men who had really read *Uphilas*.

He wrote also, not, as we commonly believe, for the *Edinburgh*, but for the *Quarterly* and *Foreign Quarterly, Reviews*; receiving the "très minces honoraires" which, as it is well known, English *rédacteurs* give to their contributors.

Of the 'Life of Schiller'—the book which brought Carlyle into notice,—which gave rise to his correspondence with Goethe, and hence exercised a powerful influence over his mind and destiny,—not one word:—of the 'Life of Cromwell,' his last and most important work, not a word:—of the lectures which contributed so greatly to Carlyle's popularity, which were a sort of event and fashion in London Society, and which contained the substance of his 'Hero Worship,'—not a word.

To be serious. This inconceivable *légèreté* and exaggeration is the more to be regretted because M. Philarete Chasles is one of the very few men who are really capable of becoming the intellectual mediators (*Vermittler*) between his country and ours. Some of his recent articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* have been excellent;—conceived in a good spirit, evincing competent knowledge of the subject, and executed with great grace and talent. I think I have already mentioned to you those on Chesterfield and Burke. There is also a very pretty one on "les Touristes Anglais"; and—except that he represents to us Miss Rigby's disconsolate husband weeping over her untimely grave, and a few trifles of that sort,—unexceptionable. The ground-idea is so good, so fair, and so amiably expressed, that it is easy to forgive such slight errors about things which, *au reste*, he is not the least bound to know, and had better not affect to know. He is like the people who give us the details of "fashionable life" from which we are necessarily led to the conclusion that they are wholly unacquainted with it. M. Chasles can do such good and serious service that he may dispense with all this pretended familiarity with English life and manners. Let him think more of the *littérature* than the *littérateurs*. The necessity under which men of talents now are to furnish a certain amount of entertainment and stimulus to a mass incapable of serious study has a melancholy effect. Nothing can be juster than the distinction so happily taken, and adopted as a sort of *cri de guerre*, by Mr. Disraeli—the distinction between liberal opinions and popular opinions; for while the professors of the former assume, at least, that they are on the side of light and progress, and somewhat in advance of popular or (to use another word) vulgar mind,—those of the latter justly claim the honour of being the faithful representatives and exponents of "popular" prejudice and passion.

I must add a small contribution from a German paper. Speaking of "another French or Frenchified 'Egmont' from or after Goethe" (lately produced at the *Odéon*), the writer says—"On this occasion the great critic Jules Janin informs us that Goethe, in one of his historical works, has portrayed the characters of Egmont and Orange in a masterly manner (*vide* 'The Revolt of the Netherlands,' by one Schiller); and, that during his second visit to Paris, he took the idea of certain scenes in 'Egmont' from Azor and Zemire. We ignorant people on this side the Rhine always imagined that Herr von Goethe never got further than Champagne!"

Aussee in Styria, August.

City-tired and half roasted by the excessive heat at Vienna, I resolved on making a pilgrimage to this place; which possessed attractions in my eyes independent of its lovely scenery—for here our great Davy was in the habit of coming to indulge in his favourite amusement of angling. I do not hesitate to say, after the experience of some days, that it would be difficult to find a more delightful locality than Aussee for spending a few weeks in. The 'Hand Book' does not do it justice: but the fact is, it lies off the beaten track; as is borne out by my being the only Englishman here—a kind of wonder to the peasantry, and more particularly to the inhabitants of the village. But I must tell you, for the benefit of

your readers who may be inclined to follow in the footsteps of Sir Humphrey, how this place is attainable. The best route is *via* Frankfort, Nuremberg, Ratisbon, and down the Danube to Linz. From thence a railway is constructed to Smunden; by which the traveller may proceed at the very safe and antiquated rate of five miles an hour, exclusive of stoppages. This great velocity is attained by means of two horses which, tandem-fashion, jog along, dragging two huge carriages laden with smoking Germans—who are perfectly contented to *hear* that in other lands miles are whizzed over while they are lighting their pipes. Locomotive engines are not born here yet. A pleasant little *détour* may be made to the Falls of the Traun; which take rank in grandeur next after Schaffhausen—and before it in beauty. Here it was that Davy, according to the account which he has given in his 'Consolations of Travel,' narrowly escaped being drowned;—having been carried over the Falls by the accidental breaking of a rope to which his boat was attached. It is scarcely necessary to say that the adventure was purely imaginary. No living thing but a fish could survive being precipitated over the Falls. From Smunden—which is situated on the lake of that name—a steam-boat plies to Ebensee, within two hours' drive of Ischl; and at the latter place *char* may be had to Aussee—distance of 17 miles. Thus, the journey is easily effected.

When I arrived at Smunden, I found the Hotel of the *Goldene Schiff* in a terrible state of commotion consequent on the expected arrival of the King of Prussia and his suite. We more humble travellers were poked into back rooms—His Majesty having taken the whole of the front part of the Hotel. It was not a little amusing to witness the important bustle of the landlord. The King was to come at nine o'clock in the evening; but long before that hour the host had donned his best suit and placed two wax candles in huge old candlesticks behind the hall door. A band of wind instruments was in a feverish state of suspense; and the inmates of the Hotel seemed half crazy with excitement. As the appointed hour approached, the landlord rushed in and out of the house, dividing his time between anxious inquiries and his rapidly burning wax candles. Ten o'clock struck, and His Majesty came not. Being much fatigued, I went to bed—but not to sleep: for about eleven, the sound of horses' feet and the rushing of steps to and fro proclaimed that the King had arrived. It may be honourable to be under the same roof with royalty; but it is not always comfortable—and this was a case in point. During the whole night, the Hotel was in such a state of bustle as to render sleeping next to impossible. How His Majesty fared I know not. In the morning I was met, on leaving my room, by a powerful smell of incense which pervaded the passage;—a curious compliment, I thought, to a Protestant king. I was rather surprised to learn that His Majesty purposed proceeding in the steamer, at seven, to Ebensee, with other passengers. The vessel was dressed in the gayest flags—that of Prussia flying at the mast-head. A carpet and two large state chairs were placed on the quarter-deck; but His Majesty preferred occupying a common chair, on which he sat during the short voyage. Cannon, placed on the shore, were fired in quick succession as we passed down the lake—and roused the echoes magnificently. Soon after we started, a tremendous storm broke over us—the rain coming down in torrents. The King, however, retained his seat with great composure; having no other protection than his military cloak—while several of his suite around him availed themselves of the extra defence of umbrellas. Germans hate wet and wind; and in a few minutes all others, save my small party, sought shelter below. We remained on deck close to the King; who entered into conversation with one of our number, and made several inquiries respecting an English lady who was with us—and who was the only female on deck. As we approached Ebensee, the storm passed away and sunshine succeeded. Tyrolean singers came out in boats to welcome the Prussian monarch to their hills;—and dozens of cannon found hundreds of imitators in the masses of the mountains far above us. Great preparations had been made at Ebensee to receive His Majesty. Here he was met by his eldest son and a military guard, who escorted him to Ischl—where the Queen of Prussia has been

sojourning for some time. This bathing place is becoming *fashionable*—that I believe is the right word. A *Rhine-like* hotel has recently been erected on the banks of the Traun; which looks, like its huge brethren, noisy and comfortless. I remained only a few hours in the place:—and was well pleased to exchange sickness and fashion for the magnificent mountains and solitude of this charming spot.

C. R. W.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE vacancy in the office of Joint Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries occasioned by the death of Mr. Carlisle, and announced in our last week's paper, should not be lost sight of by the well-wishers to the Society,—and by the members, more particularly interested in the study of Archaeology. It is well known that there are several individuals connected with the Society who are in no way connected with the Archaeological Institute or its less fortunate rival the Archeological Association; and it is equally well understood that whatever the Institute section suggests, or the archaeological faction brings forward, is invariably met by a party attack. Neither the President nor the Treasurer belong, we believe, to either the Institute or the Association: they are therefore in a position to bring some measure forward that will stand a chance of being well received by both parties—unless, indeed, they stand, to use a vulgar illustration, between two stools, or encounter the fate of all trimmers or waverers—that of receiving two bad words for a good one from both sides of the house. It is idle to suppose that this Society can do much more than exist under the present state of things. It may, however, go on—like many other established bodies—so long as the Government provides apartments and members live and continue to pay their subscriptions. But it appears from the recently printed list of the Society that many of the members must have attained the scriptural threescore and ten; while it is evident (for the list we refer to contains the dates of election) that many must have already exceeded that allowance of years. Nor does it appear that many new members have been elected,—or, from what we have seen and heard, that there have been many candidates for election. It is easy to conceive that a member of the Archaeological Institute is unwilling to risk the chance of his election or undergo the pelting of black balls from the rival Association. New names for admission are consequently very scarce—and must necessarily continue to be so while things shall remain as they are. It is the Secretarship, however, with which we have at present to do: and while one side would propose the Rev. Joseph Hunter, the other would nominate, it is said, Mr. Wright, for the situation. We are, therefore, it appears, to have a contested election within the walls of Somerset House. Nor do we, for our own part, care to see how soon:—though it appears to us, that while it would be difficult to find better antiquaries in their own restricted walks than the gentlemen whom we have named, better secretaries might easily be selected from the body composing the Society.

The daily papers announce the death of Mr. Newington Hughes, of Winchester; the proprietor of the Fairfax Papers and possessor of a very fine collection of pictures, including one of Mr. Turner's early and best works. The Fairfax Papers fill several folio volumes,—and are still unpublished. Mr. Hughes had prepared them for the press—with a profusion of curious pictorial illustrations; but no publisher could be found willing to undertake the publication,—the work being too voluminous (Mr. Hughes wished every paper to be printed) and the illustrations too numerous for a bookseller to see his way with them. An ample selection should be made by a competent editor: for the papers are extremely curious,—and it is folly to wait for a chance of printing them entire.

We see it stated that the Duke of Wellington, as Commander-in-Chief, has given his sanction to the formation of a grand cemetery and mausoleum on Shooter's Hill, to serve as the final resting-place to the officers of the British army and navy as well as those in the East India Company's Service. The mausoleum will rise in the centre of the ground, on the spot where Sevendroog Castle now stands. It is to be raised in a series of terraces—the substraction of which will afford space for ten thousand catacombs.

The prevalence of literary institutions has been an important sign of recent times; but sufficient regard has not been paid to the means by which they might be most beneficially conducted and permanently established. These two purposes should run together; for it is not desirable that such establishments should continue a moment longer than they prove serviceable to the members. We know not in what degree this remark may be applicable to the Western and Eastern Literary Institutions, in Leicestershire Square and the Hackney Road; but we regret to find that they have (from whatever cause) been broken up,—and their libraries, museums and collections of philosophical apparatus are advertised for public sale. This unfortunate fact, we see, has been interpreted as intimating the decay of such associations. We hope and believe that it indicates no such tendency:—at the same time, it renders expedient a revision of the principles and plans by which they are regulated.—Meantime, the original idea on which such institutions are founded is spreading in other directions. Libraries, for instance, are in process of being instituted at the police stations;—and the Secretary of State for the Home Department has just presented the sum of twenty pounds to each division of the metropolitan body to be disposed of towards that object. The station libraries already existing possess, it is said, several hundred volumes; and reading rooms are to be formed at each of the stations.—Other of the literary institutions than those which we have mentioned appear, too, to be in a state of wholesome activity. The City of London Literary and Scientific Institution had on Thursday evening a *réunion* of its members; who had reason to be satisfied with the repairs and alterations that have been lately completed. The theatre of this institution has been rebuilt.—The Manchester Mechanics' Institution is, we are told, not only prospering, but so extending the sphere of its utility that the directors have been compelled to enlarge the means of accommodation by inclosing one of the yards, and erecting on the site a laboratory for two additional scientific classes—besides other apartments enabling them to devote no less than six large rooms to classes for female education. Those who are destined for teachers and governesses will be furnished with the means of going through the fitting course of instruction. The number of pupils receiving instruction within the walls exceeds one thousand—distributed into about thirty classes.—It will be appropriate to mention here that Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, the well-known American essayist and lecturer, is about immediately to visit this country:—having, we understand, accepted engagements at the Manchester Athenæum as well as at the Lancashire and Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes. This is an Association, for objects like these lectures, of sixty-seven Institutes, including thirteen thousand members.

The *Times* states that a commission to inquire into the special means requisite for the sanitary improvement of the metropolis is about to be issued,—consisting of Lord R. Grosvenor, Mr. Chadwick, Dr. S. Smith, Prof. Owen, and Mr. L. Jones.

We are glad to learn that the work of Mr. Holtzappel on 'Turning and Mechanical Manipulation,' of which we gave a full notice last week, will be continued,—the author having left the manuscript in a forward state of preparation. This highly important contribution to the arts and manufactures of the country will not be left, as we had feared, incomplete.

It is worth mentioning, as an indication of the change which is gradually making its way in the scheme of British University education, that classes of the living languages—English, German and French—have been instituted at the Anderson University in Glasgow.

A gigantic project is spoken of in Canada, for the purpose of connecting the railroad running to the Atlantic. It is proposed to tunnel the St. Lawrence, opposite the island of Montreal. The tunnel at its narrowest part, near St. Helen's Island, will be about one-third of a mile from shore to shore, and about one-third the length of the principal tunnels in England. The depth of the water in the river is 43 feet.

Among the immorality which in the pursuit of their tastes or passions men have continued to perpetrate with scarcely a suspicion of the immorality, has been one

which at the same time violated a principle of political economy old enough to have grown into a proverb—viz., that "the goose must not be killed which lays the golden egg." Many who have been accustomed to esteem themselves as humane and moral men—and had much to say against such inhumanities as happened to strike them—would, we dare say, on the first impression, feel surprise to hear us pronounce as a sin the slaughter, on any argument less than that of a necessity, of the bee for the sake of its honey. The progress of science has to some extent reconciled the rising of the hive with the self-assertion of the sentimental honey-eater:—a process which has brought important alleviation to the sufferings of humanity having been applied to the service of the insect in question—as our readers know. The papers furnish the particulars of some curious experiments performed, a day or two ago, by Mr. Hilton of Great Marylebone Street, the author of the 'Practical Bee Keeper,' in the application of ether to beehives, in order to reduce the bees to a state of stupefaction whilst the comb and honey were removed. The apparatus used was very simple. "The ether was placed in a glass vessel, to which a flexible tube was affixed, which was introduced beneath the hive (a glass one) through a small hole in a platform on which the hive was placed. The glass vessel was then placed in a larger vessel of warm water, by which the vapour was subtilized. In seven minutes the vapour completely stupefied the bees, who fell inanimate to the bottom of the hive. The hive was then removed. The atmospheric air revived the bees about ten minutes, and in a short time after they were fully recovered. The same effects were then produced by the fumes of burnt nitre in another glass hive. The stupefaction of the bees was more immediate; but their recovery on exposure to the atmospheric air was obtained. Another experiment was tried on a third hive, by igniting the species of dried fungus called a 'powder-puff';—and the result was similar. The use of ether, however, appeared more tractable, the strength being more capable of regulation than that of either the nitre or the 'powder-puff.' It was, moreover, more cleanly, and less likely to occasion accidents." The honey is not likely, it is said, to be affected by the vapour of ether. It is so extremely volatile that its powers are dispersed by the atmospheric air almost immediately. The *Toronto Banner* states that the Albany butchers now administer ether to the animals which they are about to slaughter.

A correspondent writes to us as follows:—"The number of English travellers who are troubling Switzerland seems this autumn to be fewer than usual. But if my countrymen are kept away by the apprehension of disturbances—those who do travel fare the worse for it. The landlords do their best to make up for want of number by weight"—increasing, in remoter places, their charges, on the *naïf* plea of the badness of the season: on the principle of Dr. Moore's Mr. Barnett, who raised, year by year, the rent of a house which nobody would take,—'being determined,' he said, 'that the people should gain nothing by that.'

It may be useful to tourists to be informed that the Royal Library in Paris is closed for the vacation. The Scientific Congress of France met for its fifth session at Tours on the 1st inst.

The *Allgemeine Preussische Zeitung* of the 1st inst. contains the following information from Moscow:—"M. Schweizer, the official astronomer at the Observatory of the University of that city, remarked an unknown nebula, on the night of the 11th of August, between the stars B and Θ (Beta and Theta) of the constellation Auriga, and determined its position with reference to the three small stars by means of geometrical configuration. On the following night (the 12th), it appeared that the nebula had changed its position, and that it was no other than a new comet. This new nocturnal visitant is round, and devoid of tail. It is not visible to the naked eye; but in the 'five-feet equatorial' it appears to be a star of considerable magnitude, and its light becomes more powerful after having passed the meridian. On the same night, M. Schweizer determined the northern declination of the comet, and found that it was $3^{\circ} 50'$ less than the declination of Beta Aurigae; the right ascension, on the other hand, was $6^{\circ} 5'$ more than that of the star already mentioned. It was at the

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same time observed, that the right ascension of the comet diminishes about 13 minutes of time, and the declination about 10 minutes of space, in the lapse of 24 hours."

In less than ten months from the death of Tegner, Sweden has lost another distinguished poet—Frans Michael Franzen, Bishop of Hernösand; who died on the 15th of last month, in his 76th year—having been born at Ulcaborg in Finland, February 9th, 1772. Though he never entirely renounced poetry, he did not suffer his attachment to it to interfere with his pastoral (and latterly episcopal) duties. Of him his brother poet Tegner remarked, that if angels should descend on earth to preach they would speak like Franzen. There is a medallion portrait of him forming one in the extensive and interesting series now publishing by Eichler of Berlin, under the title of 'Portrait Galerie Berühmter Männer und Frauen in Elfenbeingpamedailloons'—which collection, we may observe, includes portraits of Tegner and also of Geijer,—whose death we announced some months ago [ante, p. 521].—For Franzen, the Academy of Science of Stockholm, of which he was a member, has decided on going into mourning during the space of one month. His bust is to be placed in the gallery of the building where the academicians usually assemble,—and a medal is to be struck in his honour.

It is stated from Christiania that the King of Sweden, on the occasion of the Queen's fête, has created an order of Norwegian chivalry—the first institution of that kind in Norway. The title is "The Royal Order of St. Olof;" and the King is to be Grand Master. Amongst the persons on whom the Grand Cross of this Order has been conferred we find the names of Baron de Humboldt and Berzelius, and of the Danish poet Oehlenschläger.

Before the day of our next publication, Shakspeare's house will have passed into the hands of new proprietors—unless the exorbitant demands of the sellers shall have unexpectedly returned it upon their own. The rumours are various as to there being, or not, buyers in the field; but for ourselves, we should not be surprised to find that the unreasonable—though very unnatural—expectations of the present owners had prepared for themselves a disappointment. We believe that the property was purchased by the Court family for £250,000; and we have no idea, from all the inquiries which we have been able to make, that the sum realized by exhibition can have reached £50,000 a-year.—It may be observed that the only party who can purchase the whole of this property is the London and Stratford combined Committee. Already in possession of a portion of the premises, they hold as against any interest which may be acquired by others.—The London subscribers, should they be defeated in their views on this property, may turn their attention to New Place.—Meantime, a correspondent, speculating on the nation's becoming the proprietor of the house now in the market, offers the following suggestion as to its future appropriation—which would combine very harmoniously with a scheme of restoration. He would have the building devoted to the formation of a Shakspearian Museum. "Here might be deposited," he says, "as they were obtained by purchase, gift, or legacy—1st, all relics connected with Shakspeare himself, personally; and 2nd, such as are illustrative of his works. Among the former may be mentioned the Chandos portrait, should it come into the market. Perhaps such articles as the Garrick chair with the medallions carved from the poet's mulberry tree—copies of all the early editions of his works—an autograph, &c.—may from time to time be added by the liberality of their possessors or the course of events.—In the second list of objects would be such as 'dogs' (or 'andirons—two winking cupids—depending on their brands'), cressets, &c.,—which would constitute a part of the furniture of the house in place of our modern adaptations; and such illustrative curiosities as the 'gimbal ring,' 'chopines,' 'tables' (for writing), 'bird bolts,' armour, &c.—Such a plan as the above would not, I think, in any way interfere with others that have been proposed; and there is little doubt that both subscriptions and contributions in kind, for such an object, would be forthcoming in answer to an appeal."

ST. MARK'S, VENICE.
DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—NOW OPEN, with a new and highly interesting Exhibition, representing the INTERIOR OF ST. MARK'S, at VENICE, justly considered one of the most magnificent temples in the Christian world; and a VIEW OF TIVOLI, near ROMA, with a View of the Villa d'Este, painted by M. Dirose (pupil of M. Daumerie), from drawings made on the spot expressly for the Diorama by the late M. Renoux. The View of Tivoli is painted by M. Bouton. Both pictures exhibit various novel and striking effects of light and shade. Open from Ten till Five.—Admission, 1s.; Stalls, 2s.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—LECTURES ON CHARACTER, with Musical Illustrations, by Mr. J. RUSSELL, accompanied by Dr. Wilson, on the Pianoforte, every Evening, at Eight o'clock. The Subjects of the Lectures on Natural Philosophy will comprise the subject of the Electric Telegraphs, &c. Chemical Lectures. To the Working Models, explained daily, has just been added GALLOWAY'S APPARATUS for ascertaining and describing INCLINED PLANES on RAILWAYS. The best of the Practical Experiments include the last Dissolving Views, Diving Bell and Diver, with Experiments, &c. &c.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.

SOCIETIES

BOTANICAL.—Sept. 3.—J. E. Gray, Esq., President, in the chair.—Various donations were announced, and members elected.—Mr. James Hussey presented a specimen of the *Phalaris* from a field near Swanage, Dorsetshire, found by him in July last, reported as *P. utriculata* (Linn.) in the London Journal of Botany, Sept. 1847; but which Mr. Hewett Watson considers to be perhaps rather *Phalaris paradoxa* (Linn.), of which he possesses no authentic specimen for comparison with the Dorset example.—Read, 'Description of *Hieracium heterophyllum*' (Bladon's MSS.), by Mr. James Bladon.

FINE ARTS

THE GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

THE School of Design has been turned into a school for scandal:—and we have now before us, in the shape of two Parliamentary papers from two distinct Special Committees, a pretty complete body of evidence on the subject. There cannot be a doubt but that good must necessarily result from the evidence elicited and the changes which will ensue upon the recommendations thus made. The subject is one of great importance:—nor do we yet see in what way the School of Design is likely to work out the benefits for which it was established and which it should effect. The evidence is full of plans for improvements. Each man has his own infallible way of bettering the machinery,—and each man wishes to be uppermost in carrying his suggestions into force.

We had hoped that the heats and bickerings would have ceased with the appointment of Mr. Wilson to the office of Director,—and that we should not have again to regret the resignations of men like Mr. Dyce and Mr. Herbert. But matters have only grown worse since Mr. Wilson's advent; and directors disappear as frequently as governors at Cape Coast Castle or Sierra Leone. Mr. Wilson has probably had more troublesome assistants to deal with. His assistants think not:—and the kind of cabal which they would appear to have formed against him has ended, we regret to find, in his too hasty resignation. Not but that it is clear, from the evidence, that either the director or the masters, or both, must have resigned. Mr. Wilson has given way; and with Messrs. Horsley, Townsend, and Richardson, with their active helpmate, Mr. Redgrave,—introduced for a month to look about him—have now pretty well obtained their own way. It is clear, however, that they will not work together for any great length of time. The truth is, the office of director as formerly constituted (for it is now altered), was of a very onerous and trying description. The person filling it had to represent the council, the masters, the school, and himself. This was quite enough, one would think, for a single man to do; but the triumvirate who have wrought Mr. Wilson's fall would have added to his duties,—and it was held that he should have given peripatetic instruction in the rooms, lectures from the chair, and frequent public illustrations of his powers to draw and to design.

The triumvirate are of opinion that a great artist should be placed at the head of the school. Mr. Townsend would like to see Mr. Eastlake there; and he, moreover, expresses a wish that he could have a Raphael in place of Mr. Wilson,—a wish in which Mr. Wilson will, we dare say, join. We have yet to learn, however, that the best artist is necessarily the best teacher. The highest class of talent is not only

not required for the office of a schoolmaster, but it may really render a man less fit for it. Busby turned out better scholars than Johnson or John Milton could. The truth is, education in England has been in danger of being hurt by two of its greatest men—Milton and Locke. Milton's plan was found impracticable,—and Locke's was tried and has long been given up.

It is clear, from the language and nature of the evidence, that Messrs. Horsley, Townsend, and Richardson are on very good terms with themselves—and that they all speak and think very lightly of Mr. Wilson's abilities as an artist. Mr. Wilson, on the other hand, possesses the merit of speaking modestly of his own qualifications and of generally using complimentary language when he speaks of his assistants. All we know of this is from the printed evidence; and it is clear to us that though Mr. Wilson may form somewhat humble views of the objects and uses of the School, those which he advances are at least practicable, and perhaps easy of attainment; while, on the other hand, the triumvirate, aided by Mr. Redgrave, form such lofty notions of what the School should do, and the director should be doing, that they quite forget the actual school in which they are. They would exalt a Ragged School into a Rugby,—and make a University of mere boys, the majority of whom are only able to draw eyes and noses and copy ornaments. This has arisen from their attaching too poetic a meaning to the word *design*. The triumvirate would teach *design*—the director, with his means, would not: he is content with teaching the principles of design. "To teach invention," he says, "is utterly impossible." Boys and men must make combinations of forms and things for themselves. You may as well think of having a School of Design in poetry, and teaching boys in jackets to construct a five-act drama or an epic in as many books as the 'Iliad' or 'Paradise Lost.' The School should afford every facility to students for the purpose of making designs for themselves; and should possess within its own walls such a collection of examples in Art that a student should be able to educate his eye with the best forms, and give in this way his 'days and nights' to the particular artist or branch of the Art from which he fancies he may learn the most. It was Sir George Beaumont's opinion—and he has expressed it in writing—that the 'Apollo' and the 'Venus' are worth thousands a year to the nation that possesses them. And in this way it was meant—that the originals inspire invention; just as Gray, before he commenced a new poem, warmed his genius and attuned his ear by dipping pretty deeply into Spenser and Dryden. The commonest boy should be shown the best examples in his art, and told that such and such an ornament is beautiful—and why. But no master can teach him to design—or who, indeed, is capable of teaching design? It is usual enough to see advertised that certain accomplishments are taught in so many lessons; but ease and rapidity beget over-confidence,—and the manner in which such dexterity is acquired habituates the mind to be contented with first thoughts. A school to teach design will only lead to a fatal facility, or that "certain knack" which Cull laid claim to in common with Pope.

The institution which has led to these remarks was founded, ten years ago, under the superintendence of the Board of Trade, for the improvement of ornamental art, with regard especially to the staple manufactures of the country—or, as we find it at p. 7 of the first Report before us, "for the teaching of design with a view to the improvement of those branches of manufacture which are susceptible of ornament." The School has as yet done little towards the advancement of the objects for which it was founded. The scholars come in ignorant, and leave after too short a study,—eleven months being, it appears, the average duration of their stay. Now, eleven months are notoriously insufficient to do more than give the artistic appetite—and the student must leave a very raw gentleman indeed, with little more than the mere elements of his calling. It is folly to suppose that anything like "design" could be taught in so short a time,—or should be attempted. But the students, it is said, complain that there is too much *copying*—that drawing is taught, and not *design*; while others have

[SEPT. 11]

been heard to remark that they shall not come back to the School "till drawing is taught there." The Council should bear in mind that the School was formed for the education of artificers; and that the students attending are chiefly the sons of labouring men, mechanics, and such like, who have not the means to support their children for a longer time than a year in a kind of College, such as the School of Design assumes to be considered. Boys of eighteen and twenty must go to work—and earn money. Their parents are not in a condition to clothe and support them while they copy Ghiberti's gates, or the best of Giulio Romano's or of the Mediaeval ornaments. The School, therefore, should not attempt too much; nor interfere with what the Royal Academy is able and willing to teach. The better-class students, ambitious of achieving a higher reputation than mere ornament will obtain for them, should be drafted off to the higher institution.

It has been the rage for some time past, and is the rage still, to talk of revivals of everything that is good. We are to revive architecture, we are to revive glass-painting, and we are to revive the drama. And yet how little has been accomplished! Are the Houses of Parliament conceived in the spirit of Waynflete or of Wykeham?—have Wailes and Willement caught the shadowless hues of the early glass stainers?—or has Sadler's Wells produced a Marlow or a Massinger (Shakspeare being of course out of the question)? Yet much may be done; though we have almost ceased to look upon these fancied revivals in any other light than as pleasing beliefs,—innocent in themselves, and likely to accomplish a good in another way. But the whole subject is one of such importance, that we shall resume its consideration in a future number.

The Nimroud Sculptures.

THE interest continued to be manifested by the public in the progress of the excavations amongst the ruins of Nineveh induces me to resume the subject of my former communications, by describing the additional Assyrian sculptures that have recently arrived in England:—and I shall hope to complete the series when the further sculptures discovered by Mr. Layard shall be deposited in the British Museum. My former papers related entirely to the result of Mr. Layard's labours at Nimroud,—with only a casual mention of M. Botta's discoveries, on the part of the French government, at Khorsabad; but as the importations which we have now under examination are from Khorsabad, and form no part of Mr. Layard's researches, it may be desirable to explain how they came into our possession before entering into their detail. It appears that we are indebted for this valuable addition to our collection to the enterprising spirit of Mr. Hector, an English merchant long established at Bagdad,—whose antiquarian knowledge and love of research induced him to essay some excavations in the neighbourhood of M. Botta's rich but now entirely exhausted mine. It is not easy for a private individual to succeed in such tasks as Mr. Hector had undertaken; but he eventually surmounted all the difficulties in his way, and was rewarded by rescuing these, to us, *unique* remains (as all the other specimens from Khorsabad are already in the hands of the French government). The importance of his exertions will be justly appreciated by all who know that without them our collection of these historical records would have been deficient in some essential links in the chain of research. As soon as Mr. Hector had secured and packed his discoveries, he consigned them to the care of Mr. Stirling of Sheffield,—a gentleman distinguished alike for his intelligence and for a patriotic desire to secure to the nation any relics or information of value. Acting upon his knowledge of the interest entertained by the public in the subject, Mr. Stirling at once proceeded judiciously to negotiate the sale to the British Museum; and the Trustees finally paid him 400*l.* for the curious property intrusted to him. Concluding this brief statement with a hope that Mr. Hector will not abstain from attempting further researches, I will now turn to the description of these his first discoveries.

It may be remembered that in a previous article I observed that the sculptures then before us were not "available for their beauty as works of Art," though highly interesting and important as illustrating the

civilization and manners of an ancient people. The particular remains now under notice are, on the contrary, far better executed as works of Art—but possess none of the peculiar historical interest which so eminently distinguished the first arrival. They consist exclusively of isolated figures;—although there can be but little doubt that these figures form portions of groups and of colossal ranges of sculpture similar in character to the smaller friezes from the walls at Nimroud.

The most important of these remains are three figures 8 ft. 11 in. high. The first is that of the king wearing the truncated cone-like cap, richly embellished, with the small cone quite perfect at the top, and the two long embroidered and fringed fillets depending from the back of the cap. He has long pendent earrings, bracelets with richly-carved rosettes, and upon his arm is an ornamental armlet lapping over. His beard is very long, and, like the hair, formally curled. His under-dress, embroidered with rosettes in square compartments and bordered with a tasseled fringe, reaches to the feet: his mantle is decorated with rosettes dispersed at regular intervals over the whole surface, and a fringe with an embroidered heading borders the mantle. He has sandals on his feet, of which the heel-piece is painted in red stripes. His left hand rests upon the hilt of his sword,—the two-holed scabbard of which appears at the back; and his right hand is raised, holding a long staff, or sceptre.

The next figure which I shall describe is of the same dimensions as the last: and it appears to me that the two slabs adjoined, as the lower end of a staff is seen in front of the figure;—but I have not been able as yet to ascertain with accuracy whether the corresponding part of the other slab fits. At all events, the broken parts on these two and other slabs prove that they are but separated portions of continuous groups telling a tale; and if I am right in my conjecture regarding these two particular figures, I should conclude that they represent an interview between the great king and possibly the governor of some province of the vast Assyrian empire,—for his dress is that of an important functionary. His head is uncovered, the hair is elaborately curled, and the beard is of that length and prescribed form which denote a personage of rank. There are also indications of a fillet passing round the head, the two long embroidered and fringed ends of which hang from the back; and he wears highly ornamented pendent earrings, a richly carved armlet lapping over, and bracelets with ten strings connected by a rosette-shaped clasp. The robe, which reaches to his instep, is highly decorated, and has a deep knotted fringe with an embroidered heading; and over the robe is worn a peculiar article of dress, suspended from the neck to below the waist—it consists of a broad band of embroidery like that on the robe, from the whole of which falls a double row of fur or fringe reaching to the knee, and covering the entire back of the figure from the shoulder downwards, forming also a covering to the arm to a little above the elbow. The right hand of the figure is upraised; and the left rests upon the hilt of the sword, which is thrust into the band and appears under and behind the surcoat.

The third figure of the same dimensions is beardless,—the face full and the hair formally curled in six rows, in the same fashion as all the other beardless figures. The details of the costume are precisely like the last,—excepting that the robe is without embroidery, that the armlet wraps twice round the arm, and instead of being carved all over is only decorated at each end,—and that the bracelets consist of four rings connected by rosettes. The feet are much mutilated,—yet there remains an indication of the sandal. The right hand of this figure is clasped in the left, in the conventional attitude of respect mentioned formerly; which would suggest that this person stands in the presence of one of superior rank,—and, therefore, belongs to a group of figures. Of this, we are unequivocally assured, also, by a portion of a fringed garment, and part of the scabbard of a sword represented on the same slab before the figure. The figures which I shall next describe are three feet three inches in height—two of them apparently representing priests. In the first, the hair and long beard are elaborately curled; around the head is a chaplet of twisted cords and rosettes, tied at the back where the tassel is visible,

together with the large tassel under the hair. He wears long pendent earrings, overlapping armlets wrapped twice round the arm, and bracelets with three rings and rosette clasps. The right hand is open and raised in the attitude of prayer; and the left is slightly extended, holding an implement like a whip with three thongs, with a large bead at the end of each—or, as is more probable, a branch of some plant, either a mystic emblem or an offering. The figure is clothed in a short tunic, with embroidery and tasseled fringe, with two cords and tassels depending from the waist; a long robe with a simple fringe; and, passing under the right arm and over the left shoulder is a deep fur or fringe headed by embroidery—the whole similar to the peculiar article of costume described in the second colossal figure. The feet are broken off. The second priest-like figure resembles the last in all particulars, excepting that the short tunic is without fringe, whilst the upper robe is embroidered above the fringe—that the bracelets are simple rings—and that the feet are perfect and without sandals. In both these slabs, a perforation has been effected near the upraised hands. The third figure is attired in a long tunic, with embroidered and scalloped fringe—the upper dress being open in the front; the head is uncovered, and the beard is short and crisply curled. The left hand is raised, and holds a sack or water-skin—which the right hand supports at the back.

The fourth figure has likewise the head uncovered, the hair confined by an embellished fillet,—and the short curled beard. In his left hand he holds a bow and in his right two arrows; whilst his quiver is slung behind, and his sword is by his side. His fringed and peculiarly ornamental tunic reaches only mid-way down the thigh, and *wraps over in front*; differences so remarkable that I would venture to suggest the probability of the figure being an Egyptian,—and shall await the arrival of Mr. Layard's last discoveries for refutation or further corroboration of a surmise which may greatly aid the reading of these records.

The remaining sculptures are all detached fragments, as follow:—Two colossal horses' heads richly caparisoned in highly decorated head-trappings, the parts of which resemble those at present in use in the East. A hand is seen holding the horses,—but no other part of the figure remains. This, I presume, is a fragment of a similar group to that now in the Louvre; though in this specimen there are only two horses whilst in that of the Louvre there are four. In this they both differ from the sculptures formerly described,—the number of horses in each chariot being invariably three. Two fragments of horses' heads similarly decorated but of smaller dimensions.

A fragment containing two human feet and the fetlock of a horse. The foot of the horse with a portion of the tail are in front; and immediately behind is a human foot with a part of the fringed and embroidered robe above it. The second foot, which has a singular fringed garment above, belongs to a distinct figure. Three rows of cuneiform characters in a very perfect state form the base of this fragment. Fragments with horses' hoofs and cuneiform characters,—probably belonging to the former. A few detached and unconnected fragments of inscription:—two hands and arms with rosette clasped bracelets, one being of colossal size;—the point of a scabbard decorated with the two lions—and the following heads complete the present list:—

A colossal human head, with a turban, represented by folds laid close round the head; a row of curls appears from underneath the turban at the back, and the beard is short and formally curled.—Three heads of smaller size,—the details of which are like the last. In one, however, the shoulder indicates that the left arm is raised; and in another, the thumb and palm of the hand are visible upon the right shoulder.

Six heads, uncovered,—the hair arranged in six formal rows of curls at the back. The faces are very full, and quite beardless. In five of the heads, the three-lobed earring is shown; whilst in the sixth, it is the long pendent. In one, the neck of the robe is embroidered; on another, embroidery is visible upon the shoulder; and on a third, an ornament like a chain of metal plates appears over the shoulder. The remains of colouring-matter can be seen upon

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shines all these heads.—Finally, two smaller heads with chaplets, apparently belonging to priests; and part of a head with a short beard.

All these heads above enumerated, except those of the beardless figures, differ from those of the attendants of the great king and those who defend the walls of the beleaguered cities in the bass-reliefs from Nimroud, in the form of the head-gear, and also in the fashion of the hair and beard. Whether this head-dress be the costume of the inhabitants of a distant province, or whether it be the head-dress of the citizen whilst the conical cap is that of the military, are questions that perhaps further acquaintance with the sculptures and the inscriptions, or even the next importation, may inform us. Besides this obvious variety in the dress, there is a marked difference in the shape and length of the beard and hair, which I cannot attribute to the caprice of the artist—for everything in the East is of ancient and preserved form. Even the colour of the robes is settled by law; so that Fashion cannot exert that capricious influence which she indulges in the West. So, likewise, in modern times, no Christian of Damascus would dare to wear other than a black turban; and no Moslem who could not make good his descent from the Prophet would venture on a green one.

One more remark. It is to be noted that neither of the personages whom I have designated “the king” and “the governor of a province” have that short royal vesture which we found on the king and his attendant in the Nimroud collection. This circumstance induces me to believe that these figures of the Khorsabad sculptures are not the same persons as those of the Nimroud; or that the occasion of that particular garment is one of danger, such as the battle and the chase; or else that the fashion had changed in the interval between the period of one set of sculptures and that of the other. This last conjecture, however, I offer rather as a *possible* than as a probable reason for the difference in the costume: for, besides that reluctance to change, either in custom or dress, already pointed out, there seems to be much similarity in the styles of the respective sculptures to allow of any considerable interval of time having passed between the building of the palaces of Nimroud and those of Khorsabad. J. BONOMI.

FINE ART GOSSE.—The Doncaster Cup this year is executed after Mr. Cotterill's design—and embodies an incident taken from the old chronicle records of the battle of Ascalon. The cover has an equestrian group—which represents Richard the Lion-heart battling with Saracens. The cup itself is richly decorated in the Italian style.

A marble bust of the poet Crabbe, on a marble plinth—the work of Mr. Thurlow, jun. of Saxmundham—has been placed in Alderburgh Church, with the following inscription:

To the Memory of
GEORGE CRABBE,
the Poet of Nature and Truth,
this Monument is erected,
by those who are desirous to record
their admiration of his Genius,
in the place of his Birth.
Born December 24th, 1754.
Died January 29th, 1832.

On the plinth is sculptured a suspended and unstrung lyre of antique model.—We may mention, too, that the inauguration of the bronze statue erected to the memory of the late Sir E. Barnes, Governor of Ceylon, took place at Colombo on the 25th of June last.

Sir Robert Peel is stated to have added to his collection of the portraits of living celebrities that of Dr. Chalmers, painted by Mr. John Watson Gordon—by purchase from its Edinburgh proprietor. The portrait is a full-length.

A School of Art for artists and amateurs, to be principally supported by subscriptions and donations, has been formed by the incorporated Society of British Artists—and will be opened to its members in the early part of next month.

The *Journal des Débats* speaks in somewhat magniloquent terms of a discovery interesting to artists and antiquarians which has recently been made at Tunis, near the inner harbour of the ancient Carthage. This is a marble bust of Juno, of colossal proportions; nothing comparable to which, says the French paper, has ever been yielded by the ruins of Carthage—or perhaps of any other city. The

marble is said to be in as perfect preservation as if it were a work of yesterday, the workmanship exquisite, and the dimensions “prodigious.” The *Débats* sounds a trumpet note to record its having been carried off by the French Consul from a crowd of competitors who besieged the Bey with applications for the treasure. That prince has added to the gift, it is said, the cession, by a formal act, of all antiquities yet to be discovered on the same spot: and the French chronicler complacently adds, that “this honourable distinction in favour of M. Delaporte has been sanctioned by the voice of public opinion,”—we suppose excepting the “numerous and pressing” rival solicitors.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

SADLER'S WELLS.—Lord Byron's tragedy of ‘Werner’ was re-produced at this theatre on Friday week,—and has since been repeated. The main effect of this sickly drama lies in the situation in the last act. This Mr. Phelps enacted with judgment and pathos—the two qualities for which an artist he is peculiarly distinguished. The other parts were respectably filled.

MARYLEBONE.—The spirit with which Mrs. Warner is conducting this new theatre commands general approbation,—and should ensure success. On Friday week, ‘The Hunchback’ was revived,—with scenery and costume remarkable for their beauty and richness. Nor was the histrionic talent displayed by the different performers unworthy of the accessories. The manager herself performed *Julia* with unusual effect; and the part of *Helen* was pleasingly rendered by Miss Angell. Mr. Webb in *Fathom* was irresistibly amusing. A Mr. George J. Vining in *Clifford* was not quite equal to the part; but his acting, for so young a man, is of much promise. The general effect of the performance was highly satisfactory,—and the audience, we were glad to see, was numerous and of a kind that promises well. Mrs. Warner's experiment bids fair to attract the better classes in the neighbourhood of the theatre;—and deserves the encouragement of all who have at heart the real interests of our national drama.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

The Haarlem and Fribourg Organs.

Fribourg, September.

THE Haarlem organ, which I heard a twelvemonth ago [see *Athenæum*, No. 986], has been of late so perpetually mentioned in comparison with the instrument finished by Mooser for this place in 1834, that it naturally becomes a matter of musical interest with those who have heard the one to make a pilgrimage to the other. Of the younger, no less than the elder, marvel a rational account seems wanted. The general reader profits little by such technical descriptions as are, of course, in the hands of every organ-builder; while the enlightened amateur is plagued by common guide-book raptures about effects and performances, no more musical, in the true sense of the word, than the twitterings of Mr. Catchpole's jewelled bird of paradise or the mechanical minuets of some Dutch or Geneva clock—the second or third repetition of which is sure to tempt the irascible *fanaticus* into crying, with Shakespeare's *Maria* when she sees *Malvolio* coming, “I can scarcely forbear hurling things at it!”

The traveller is not ill prepared for a “lion” at Fribourg by the magical surprise produced at his entrance into that town, when turn of the steep descent discloses one of the most beautiful creations of modern science—the long wire (one might justifiably call it *thread*) bridge flung lightly across the valley, which really one might fancy a score of stout Swiss men could destroy with half an hour's labour, so slight appears its texture. Neither is a dinner at the admirably home-ish Zähringer Hof the worst “grace” which one could desire ere partaking of a new musical treat; and the public exhibition of the organ is fixed with reference to the *table d'hôte*. But even without such predisposition as a picturesque locality naturally excites, and without the symphony of repast so “succulent” (as the modern French might phrase it), the masterpiece of Aloys Mooser will not, I imagine, disappoint any one, however much he may have heard concerning it, unless he be one of those who must have fabulous and faultless

beauty ere he will own himself contented. In no instance have I been more impressed by the grandeur or expressiveness of certain sounds in themselves, as distinct from the force, grace, brilliancy, or tenderness superadded by the player.

The first full burst in which organists love to make these Leviathans speak, so as to electrify their listeners, if not so startling as, was certainly more satisfactory than, that of the Haarlem organ. I never heard a body of tone of such a grave and manly richness: mellow, perhaps, rather than brilliant—but not in the least degree dull, or hollow, or wooden. It appears to me, so far as I can understand the foreign nomenclature, that the number of sharp and brilliant mixtures which, when the least out of tune, are apt to become intolerably distressing, is smaller than usual in the Fribourg organ. The completeness of every stop, which extends over the entire four and a half octaves, may tend to produce this amplitude: but something must lie in that *je ne sais quoi* understood by skilful “voicing” of the pipes, —which is neither constant nor communicable by receipt, but without which the best balanced design may turn out a mediocre in place of an incomparable work. I am inclined to fancy that Aloys Mooser must have had a superior delicacy of taste, and (if I may say it) *sweetness* of ear, from having touched a much smaller instrument built by him for the church at Bulle, in which the same generic qualities of tone seemed recognizable. The number of fancy stops is smaller in the Fribourg than in the Haarlem organ; but one comprehended in what is called the “Echo” organ commanded by a fourth range of keys—I mean the *voc humana*—is agreed on all hands to be the most musical and expressive stop ever produced. This is what the uninformed hear when they ask “If there is no one singing?” It is placed in a remote corner of the instrument; and there is no want of whispers about of some undivulged secret brought by the builder to bear on this great attraction to his work. I believe, however, that its surpassing and delicious expressiveness (almost vocal and *verbal*) depends on the mechanical finish with which every part of this superb instrument has been perfected,—furthered, as I have above hinted, by happy chance. The flute stop, too, has great clearness, liquidity, and sweetness: its highest bird-note being free from the slightest sting or puerile whistle. The body of tone in what we should call “the choir organ” struck me as beautiful and sufficient. There is no swell (at best, I think, a somewhat empirical introduction); and the pedal register has been accused of feebleness — while Mooser's friends claim for him an invention by which his pipes of smaller dimensions do the work of the huge 32-feet *bourdon*. It is hardly possible to say how far such expedients succeed or otherwise, unless one had the power of close and immediate comparison. “System” and partisanship lend ears as well as words to many a critic and amateur. There are in all sixty-four stops; including that combination producing the effect of thunder which mechanists value so highly and summer tourists so delight to hear, but which is useless save in the descriptive symphony—a form of composition totally unfit for the organ. Twelve pairs of bellows feed this huge structure with what may be called its life-breath. They are worked by an easy mechanism, but placed at the distance of eighteen feet from the organ; and whether owing to this distance or to some disproportion, certain it is that the full organ answers less readily to the finger than the French instruments which are arranged according to the principle of our clever countryman Mr. Barker. There is, also, at times, a certain tremulousness of tone which, till I had examined for myself, I laid to the account of the clever and obliging player, M. Vogt; whereas I do not believe that the hand of a Schneider or of a Mendelssohn could master it wholly. It seems probable that some alteration of this part of the instrument—totally distinct from any tampering with the stops—might cure the evil; a matter which may be safely left to the mechanicians and the mathematicians—not forgetting the *wranglers*.

A flashy pamphlet published here, describing the builder and the performances of his organ in language as high flown as that of George Sand's ‘*Lettres d'un Voyageur*’, which chronicled both—need I add not a tittle so poetical?—gives a fact or two worth

[SEPT. 11]

putting together. Aloys Mooser was at Fribourg in 1770—the son of another organ builder, who worked for the Silbermanns of Strasburg. By these redoubtable men he, too, was brought up; and after studying in divers towns, according to the wholesome fashion of foreign craftsmen, returned home and established himself as a piano-forte maker and organ builder. He seems always to have had that turn for experiment which is inseparable from great mechanical experience; to have tried new devices,—and put something of pride, besides good labour, into his work. The organs completed by him were not many. His greatest one was finished on a scale far more extensive than the conditions of his contract*—cost him ten years in building—and its excellence was in part acknowledged by his being promoted to a membership of the Town Council at Fribourg. He was invited to Paris to build the organ for the Madeleine; but the invitation came when he was an elderly man, broken, we are told, by family chagrins,—and was declined by him in consequence of the conditions imposed upon him. He died at Winterthur,—whither he had gone to plan a new instrument about seven or eight years ago; and was buried with musical honours. It may be questioned whether the noble monument which he has left behind him is not one of the most valuable and excellent contributions made to music by a Swiss artist—Rousseau's ingenious '*Essai*' not forgotten. One can forgive the absence of many mediocre composers for the sake of one such edifice as the great organ at Fribourg.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Sheridan's 'School for Scandal' is in rehearsal at the Marylebone Theatre. We understand that Mrs. Warner has gone to extraordinary expense in its revival; and that it will be produced with an attention to the *mise en scène* not of late years bestowed on this comedy.

We are informed that Jenny Lind has expressed her willingness to sing for the benefit of the Fund now raising for the purchase and appropriation of Shakespeare's House; provided that the arrangement for her performance be made in some town where she has not yet been heard.—The lady, it is stated, has been engaged by Mr. Lumley for his next season.—Mr. Bunn is said to have signed an agreement for the Surrey Theatre; from the management of which Mrs. Davidge is about to retire.—The Continental papers state that M. Flotow, the composer of *Stradella*, has gone to Austria; and that his new opera, 'Magdo,' is intended for a Viennese theatre.

There is a rumour abroad that Miss Helen Faucit is about to appear on the French stage;—but we attach little credit to it.

MISCELLANEA

Paris Academy of Sciences.—Aug. 30.—A paper was received from M. Fleurian de Bellevue on the effects arising from stagnant water. The author states, as the result of his observations and inquiries, that in marsh lands which are covered with water to a considerable depth during the great heats of summer, the inhabitants of the localities in which they exist are not more unhealthy than in other localities; but that where the stagnant water is of slight depth the decomposition is attended with frightful consequences, and the mortality is great. He recommends that in all low lands where there is water during the summer of so slight a depth as to render decomposition certain, the inhabitants should form one general reservoir into which the different masses of water may be conveyed by means of channels of communication.—M. Person read a paper on the congelation of mercury, and the latent heat of fusion. The result of M. Person's experiments is that the heat requisite for the fusion of mercury is about eight times that required to change the temperature of water one degree. M. Person observes that the quantity of heat necessary for the fusion of metals is according to the order of their tenacity.—M. Sédillot communicated some observations on the phenomena of etherization as witnessed by him in the hospital of Strasburg.

* Among the other tales in the Fribourg memorial, is the anecdote that Mooser wished to introduce in his great organ a storm or thunder stop, which should outdo in force all other confessions of the same kind; but was restrained by the magistracy, on the plea of the too violent effects which it would produce on the nerves of its hearers.

A Balloon in a Thunderstorm.—A correspondent of the *Times* communicates to that paper a letter from Mr. George Green the aeronaut, in which he gives some interesting particulars of an ascent at Frankfort. —"The weather," he says, "has been very unsettled and strong, and I have had only three fine days out of nine; the last, however (Sunday, August 22), was the worst of all—the wind blew almost a hurricane from the S.W., accompanied by heavy thunder and lightning nearly the whole of the day; indeed, it was generally believed the ascent would be postponed; but being anxious to keep up my reputation, I commenced the inflation. The ascent, which took place at a quarter to 5, excited great alarm and astonishment, because just after a violent peal of thunder the balloon rose almost immediately under the clouds from which the storm proceeded. When at about four thousand five hundred feet high, and on a level with them, several electrical discharges occurred, which afforded me the long-wished-for opportunity of observing the effect of lightning upon the air,—as the clouds and the balloon were going abreast of each other at only a few hundred yards distance. The air was very much disturbed; it seemed full of eddies, which agitated the balloon a good deal. Every fresh discharge communicated a vibrating motion to the balloon, and caused it to oscillate considerably; while the rain falling on the earth made a noise like a waterfall at a great distance. In descending, we fell in with a current blowing a few points more to the north, —which bore us away from the storm: and after being up about an hour, I descended at Windecker."

Iron in the Roman States.—M. Gauthier, a French engineer who manages the iron works of Terni in the Papal States, has just discovered, after long researches, an iron mine of great richness, extending from Monte Nero to the town of Gualdo Tadini. The ore is said to yield 60 per cent. of pure iron of excellent quality. There are numerous water-sources in the vicinity, which will serve to work the machines necessary for working the ore. This new mine and that of Tolfa will, it is said, supply all the iron which the Roman States can require, including what will be necessary for the projected iron bridges and railways. —*Galigani*.

The City of Wells.—While the "iron horse" is carrying the message of civilization along so many lines of the world, and towns are springing up wherever the hoof of this modern Pegasus has struck, he is making deserts where of old woud the turnpike-road and consigning to something like the slumber of romance cities and villages that had once a share in the business of the world and have yet a place on its maps. Their circulation is stopped. The current of communication no longer flows through them—and they are comatose. Left out of sight, they have fallen out of memory.—A correspondent of the *Bristol Times* gives a picturesque account of one of these syncopated cities; which, drowsy (as for the most part country cathedral towns are) even when awake, has been laid asleep by silence and isolation. —"Wells," says the writer, "is a unique little city—fair in itself, fortunate in its locality; but if there is one spot in this busy England of ours which sooner than another I should select did I want a long sleep, it is Wells, on ordinary occasions. Sunny and drowsy in summer, wet and silent in winter,—it is quietude in itself, with its solemn and monastic cathedral close, its swept but stirless streets, its smooth-faced houses, closed hall doors, and polished brass knockers. Its very neatness hushes you. There is always one eccentric man to be seen in the streets,—but sometimes, even in noon day, not a second; and such is the repose usually in the place, that the only sound you sometimes hear—and that you can hear from one end to the other—is the splash of the public fountain that supplies the centre. I thought, myself, I could often recognise this sound, as, on some summer's sultry day, I descended the steep of Mendip, and looked down upon this picturesque place of slumberers. Wells, indeed, seems as if it had sprung up, cathedral and cross, and houses, all in one day in the olden time, and never changed since. The oldest inhabitant, I believe, does not recollect a house built there. There is a neat, stationary, and antique air about it—it ought to be the place of archives for the laws of Medes and Persians that altered not. When the face of the whole country is tattooed with railways and winding and twisting and turning lines find out

the most lonely villages, Wells is an *urbis intacta* in this respect. All projects, at least projects that have been carried into practice, turn aside from it; so that you might, at this moment, as easily start for Tadmer in the desert as for the cathedral city of Somersetshire, so far as the possibility of reaching it by a public means of conveyance is concerned. There is no coach between Bristol and it; and perhaps no necessity for communication either, unless when some prebend gives a dinner and is compelled to send here or to Bath for a salmon and shrimps. Yet, with all this quiet, the old place, with its palace, its cathedral, its cross, is poetry itself. It is full of the memories of old—monuments of heroic and great services for the church—and all toned down by rustic softness and repose."

Postage Stamps for Foreign Letters.—The arrangements for enabling the public to prepare the postage on foreign letters by means of stamps are nearly completed. One shilling stamp will only be issued for the present; and the post-offices entitled to sell them will be only those in some of the principal towns in the kingdom until further arrangements are made. The foreign stamps will be above the size of the penny postage stamp; they will be of an octagonal shape, and the colour of them will be green. They will be principally serviceable for paying letters to India, China, the British West Indies, Gibraltar, Malta, Ionian Islands, Honduras, United States, Bermuda, Halifax, Newfoundland, Panama, Chili, Peru, Venezuela, the western coast of America, Prussia, Belgium, Holland, Java, New South Wales, and New Zealand.

The "Smith" Diffusion.—The *Boston Post* states that there was to have been a great meeting of Smiths on Boston Common, in March last, to ascertain what branch of the family fell heir to a certain property in England:—but the meeting was adjourned, as the place was not found large enough to hold the number anxious to attend.

Wonders of the Heavens.—Sir John Herschel, in an 'Essay on the Power of the Telescope to penetrate into Space'—a quality distinct from the magnifying power—says there are stars so infinitely remote as to be situated at the distance of twelve millions of millions of miles from our earth; so that light, which travels with a velocity of twelve millions of miles in a minute, would require two millions of years for its transit from those distant orbs to our own; while the astronomer who should record the aspect or mutations of such a star would be relating, not its history at the present day, but that which took place two millions of years gone by.—*Church and State Gazette*.

The Lion-Tamer and his Follower.—An American paper, the *Boston Atlas*, tells the following strange story, on the faith of a correspondent—who should take to the writing of psychological romances:—"As long since as the time when Carter, the celebrated tamer of wild beasts, who has recently died in London, gave exhibitions in Paris, they spoke of an American who followed him in all his journeys and was regularly present at all his exhibitions. The American, whose profile has been drawn by Eugène Sue in one of his romances, was an original character, a millionaire and a *bâle*, whom the hope of enjoying a strange pleasure attached to the footsteps of the beast-tamer. One day, in one of the principal clubs in London, he made wagers with twenty different persons, that, in the end, Carter would be devoured by his beasts. His adversaries had chances of a natural or accidental death. The wager of the American, which was recorded on the registry of the club, with the signatures of all the parties, amounted to sixty thousand pounds sterling. The sum made the bet a very important one, and yet it was not on that account that our American occupied himself with it. It was not to watch over his million and a half of francs that he followed Carter with such indefatigable assiduity. He cared little for the pecuniary profit; it was the fact that interested him. He would willingly have given up the stakes to have witnessed the winning of his bet. Persuaded that Carter must perish under the teeth of a lion or a tiger, he wished to be present at that bloody catastrophe. It required this hope to keep alive his failing curiosity. That single thought employed all his ardour: the expectation to witness the death of a man devoured by his own wild beasts. This curiosity, this desire, had

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Wisdom of Ancient Egypt.—The Church and State Gazette notices the following speculations of Mr. Wild relative to the monuments of Egypt and Ethiopia, and their signification in reference to mathematical and astronomical traditions:—“From out of the simplest triangle (the equilateral) he derives the figures of the three pyramids of Ghizet—made by men for the last four thousand years. He proves that their size bears an analogy to the measure of the globe; namely, that the largest exhibits the extent of a portion of the meridian—the second, the size of the parallel circle on which it stands—that the third implies a measure of time—the solar year! After the pyramids, follows the laying down the position of cities which flourished in times of remotest antiquity. The city of Memphis stood on the spot where the half angle of the centre of the regular hexagon corresponds with the geographical latitude:—viz., at 30° north latitude, the very spot where the pyramids also were erected. He also shows that along the meridian, running through the great pyramids, there extends a series of numbers, by any of which it is possible to ascertain the position of the temples and cities along the Nile—and thus he lays down the position of old Meroe in Ethiopia.”

To CORRESPONDENTS.—S. H.—D. N.—Mammoth.—T. B. S.
Required.
K. G. B.'s letter is forwarded.

Errata.—P. 916, col. 3, l. 56, for “1739” read 1579.—
P. 922, col. 3, l. 27, for “France” read Spain.

become in him a perfect passion. He lived only in the hope, the expectation, of the fortunate moment when he could witness the martyrdom of Carter. For ten years did he follow that man with a perseverance that nothing could discourage. His post-chaise journeyed over the high roads behind the large wagon which transported these ferocious beasts. He lodged in the same inns with these terrible guests. He was present at the feeding of the lions and tigers, and was regularly by when the keeper gave his lessons and made his exhibitions. He did not miss on a single occasion: he was on the look-out for the least peril, and at the hour of the public exhibition he put himself in the first ranks, in a side box on the lower floor, to witness the catastrophe as near as possible. An excellent opera-glass brought him nearer still. He lost not a single movement of the animal; awaiting the moment when his natural ferocity, allayed for the time by his tamer, would return with a rush. Carter knew him well, as also his expectation, and took it all in good part; so magnanimous was he, and so much had his habit of associating with lions and tigers rendered him indulgent towards sanguinary appetites. Every time he entered the place of exhibition Carter would mechanically look towards the box of the American with a significant smile; which the inflexible spectator would return with an air that seemed to say, “See if it is not this time.” This exhibition over, the patient American would put his opera-glass back into its case and withdraw, saying, “Well, it may be the next time.” Sometimes he would make this reflection loud enough for Carter to hear him; and the magnanimous beast-tamer would smile at a wish so naïvely uttered. In the course of his long waiting the American has had but one moment of semi-emotion. This was last year. One day when the favourite lion of Carter, forgetful of the lessons of clemency that had been inculcated and remitting his natural character, employed his teeth and scratched his keeper a little—although the American encouraged the lion all he could with his looks, his motions, and his voice, Carter succeeded in recalling him to order, and restoring him to a proper simness and gentleness. This incident served, however, to encourage the American, showing him how many chances there were of the event he anticipated. He hoped now, more than ever,—when one day he learned that Carter had been taken dangerously ill. Immediately the American ran to the best physicians in London: he took them to the wild-beast tamer, whom he surrounded with the most devoted and intelligent medical care. It was all in vain: Carter sank under the attack. In despair, not so much at having lost his bet as at having to renounce the hope of contemplating the martyrdom of Carter, and of seeing him serve as a meal to his own wild beasts, the American blew his brains out in the Park of St. James.

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